

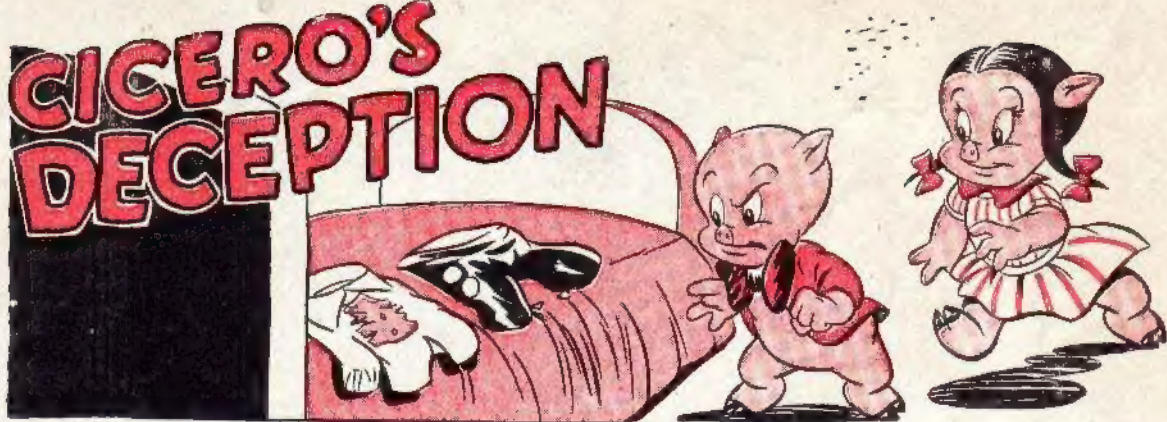
LOONEY TUNES

comics

MARIE MELODIES



CICERO'S DECEPTION



Cicero ran in the house, calling to his cousin "Petunia! Hey, Petunia! Did you get me a costume for Jenny's Christmas party?"

Petunia nodded. "I made one, as a special surprise for you. It's laid out on your bed."

"Gosh, you were swell to do that for me." Cicero raced up the stairs to his bedroom.

Petunia sighed as she followed him. She enjoyed having her little cousin in from the country to spend the Christmas holidays with her, but at times he was a bit noisy. As she came into his room she saw him looking down at the costume.

Petunia walked toward him. "I know it will fit you, Cicero, because I used one of your suits for a pattern."

Cicero turned and she was startled to see that he was scowling.

"Is something wrong?" she asked.

Cicero pointed to the costume. "What kind of outfit is THAT?"

"A Little Lord Fauntleroy costume," said Petunia. "He was a famous story-book character a long, long time ago."

"He musta been an awful sissy!" snorted Cicero. "Wearing black velvet knickers and a shirt with RUFFLES."

"That's what all little boys wore in those days," Petunia told him.

"Well, I'm a little boy NOWADAYS," pouted Cicero, "and I'm not going to wear any sissyfied costume."

"Very well," Petunia shrugged. "But

the party is this afternoon I haven't time to fix up another one for you."

Cicero's face brightened. "I'll go without one."

"You can't," said Petunia firmly. "The invitation said 'costume party,' so if you won't wear that one, I'm afraid you'll have to stay home."

Cicero sat down on the bed. He was trying to figure out a way to go to the Christmas party in his own clothes. Without Petunia finding out, of course.

"Well," said Petunia after a moment of silence "shall I telephone Jenny's mother and make your excuses?"

"No," said Cicero slowly. "I've changed my mind about the costume. It's really super. And AWF'LY different."

Petunia smiled happily. "That's why I chose it." She started for the door. "I'll go fix lunch while you get dressed. Porky's coming over to eat with us. He wants to see you in the costume."

Cicero waited until the clatter of pans told him Petunia was in the kitchen. Then he took his best blue serge suit and his best white shirt, put them in a pillowcase and dropped the bundle out of the window.

A moment later, Porky Pig came down the street. He saw the pillowcase bundle atop a snowdrift and hurried across the lawn to investigate it.

"G-Gosh!" he exclaimed when he saw

(Continued on inside back cover)

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WARNER BROS.
CARTOONS, INC.

present

BUGS BUNNY

NO MORE OF THEM HORROR MOVIES
FER ME!

TONIGHT
Special
TRIPLE
HORROR
Show!

THEY'RE TOO SCAREY! SPECIALLY
AT NIGHT... WHEN I'VE GOT
SUCH A LONG WALK
TO GET HOME!

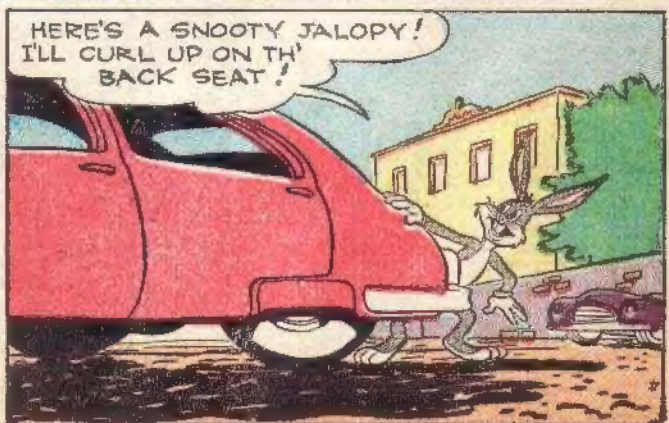
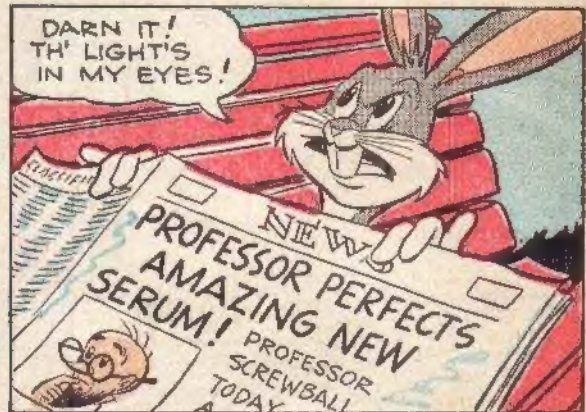
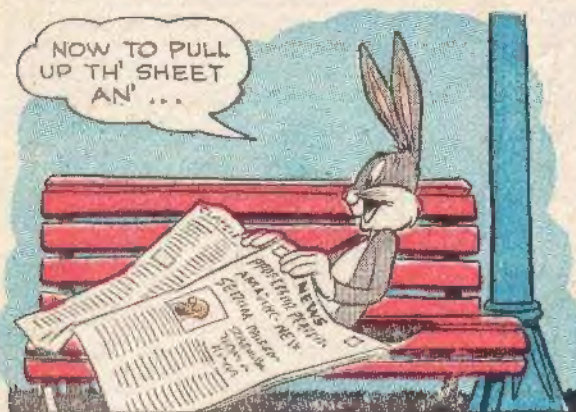
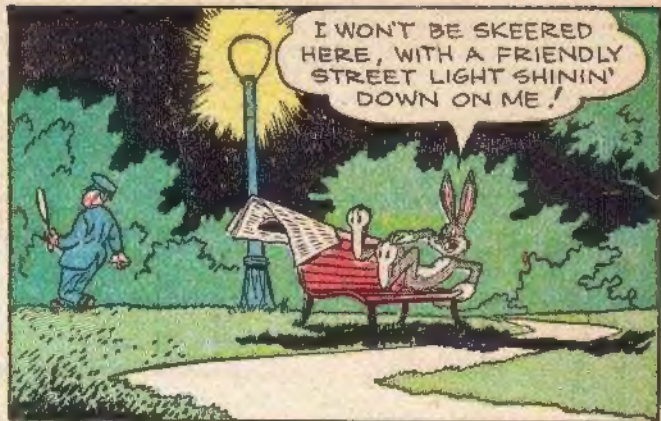
I'M SO JUMPY I'M ALMOST
SKEERED TO GO BY
THAT DARK ALLEY!

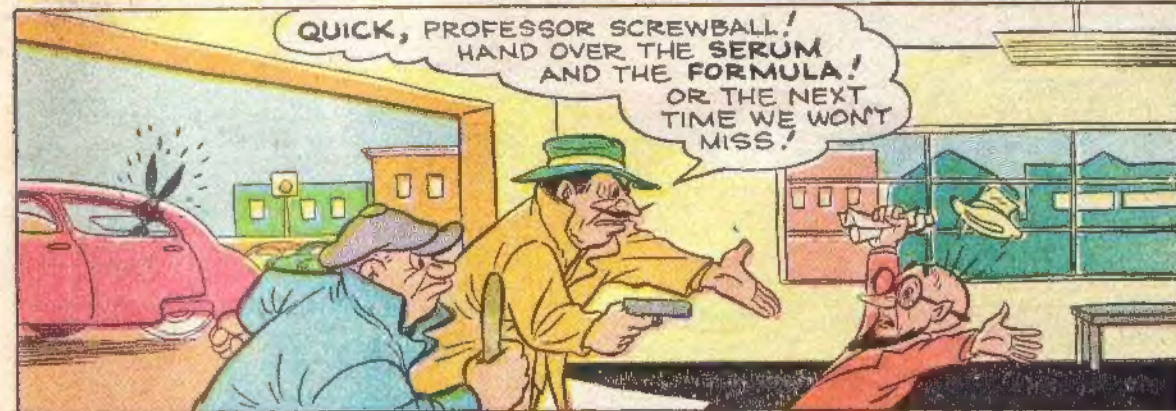
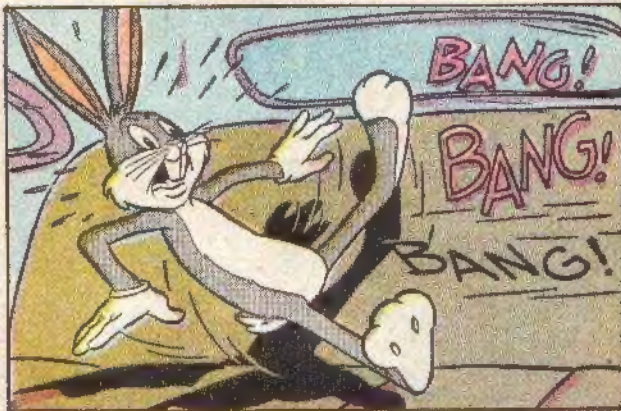
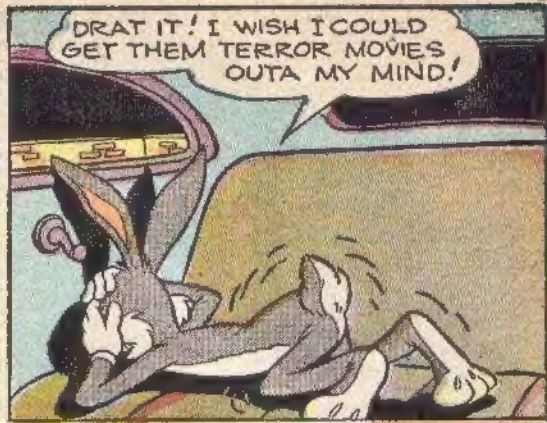
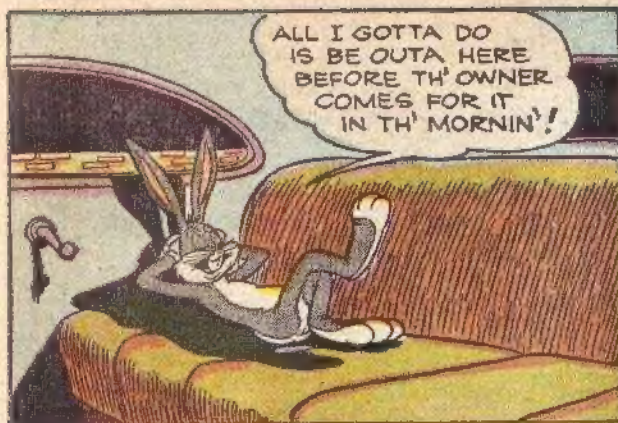
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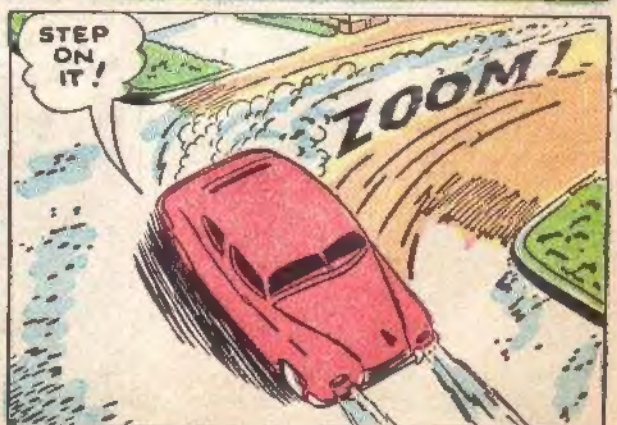
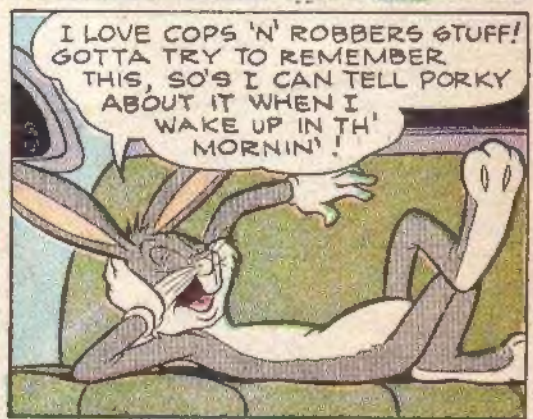
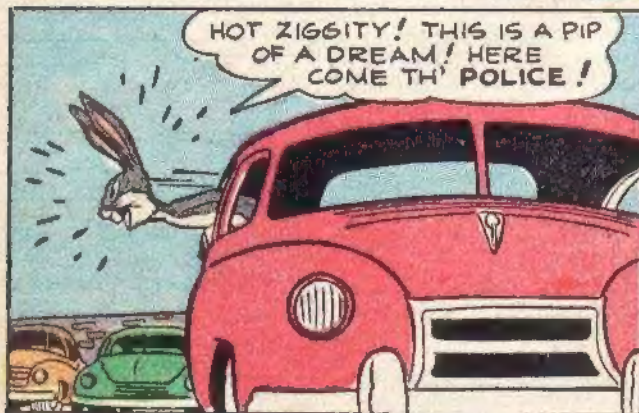
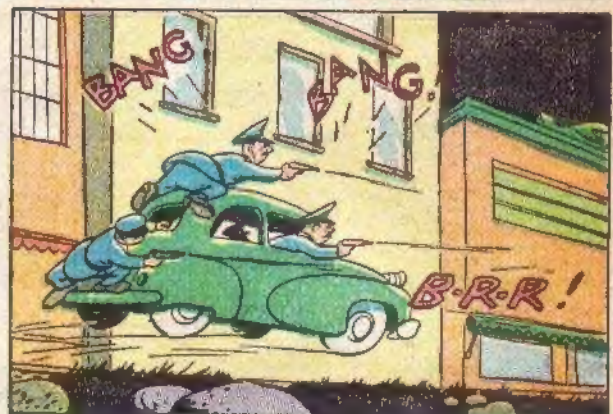
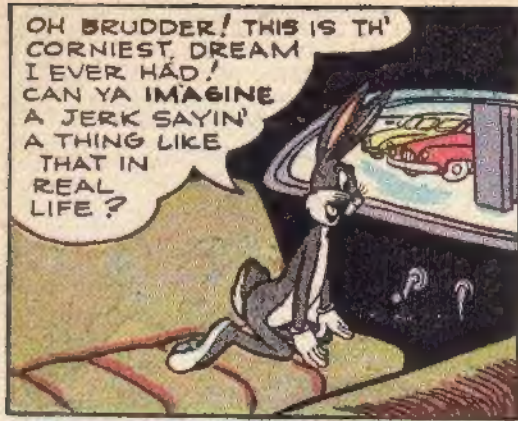
CRASH!
BANG!
BANG!

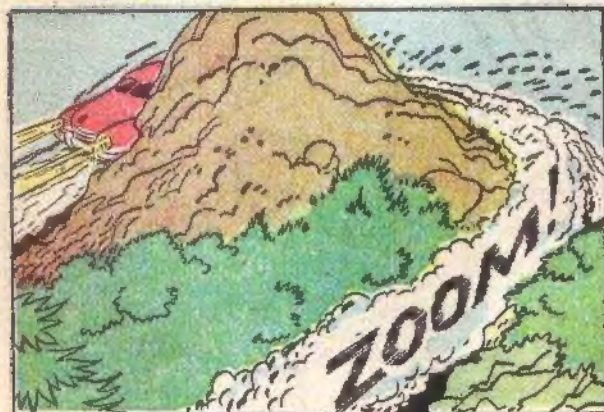
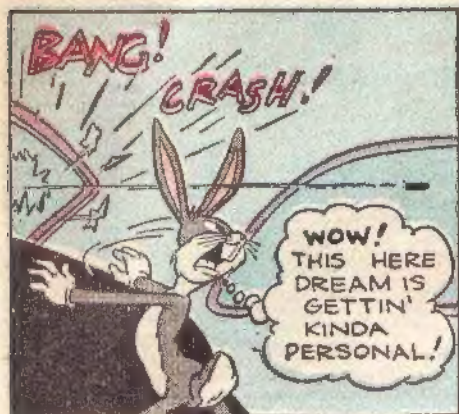
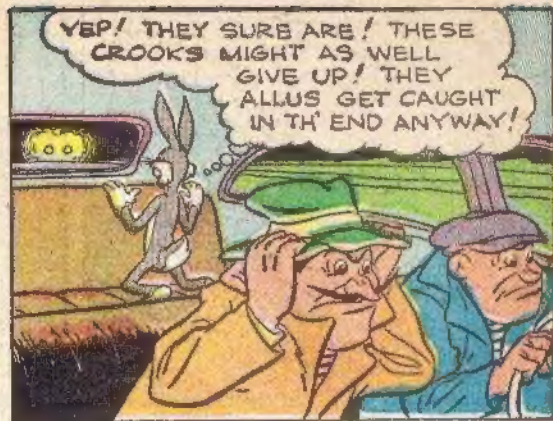
THAT SETTLES IT! I AIN'T GOIN'
THROUGH THEM DARK WOODS
TO MY HOLE-IN-TH'-GROUND
HOME!

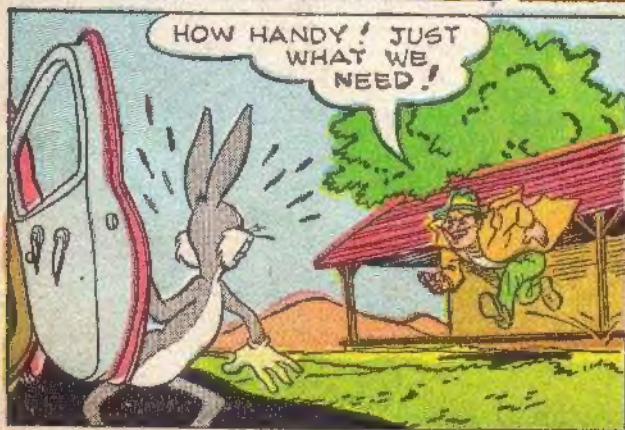
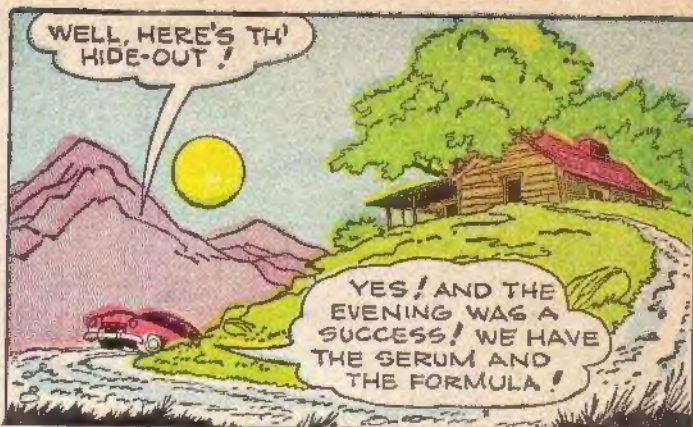
I'LL SLEEP ON A EXTER NICE
PUBLIC BENCH IN TH' PARK!

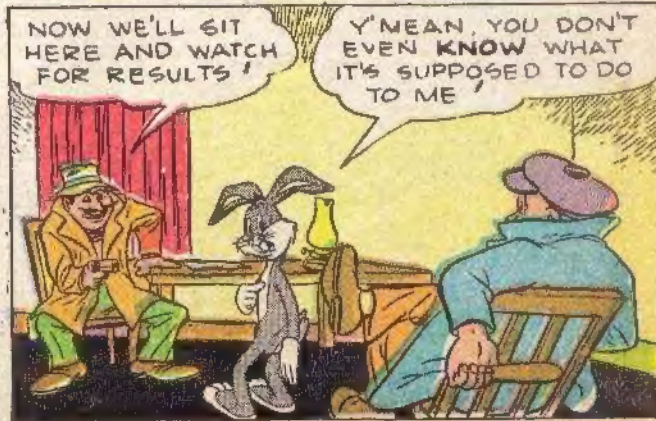
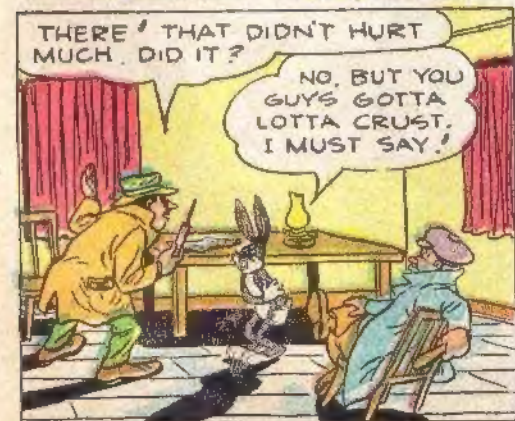
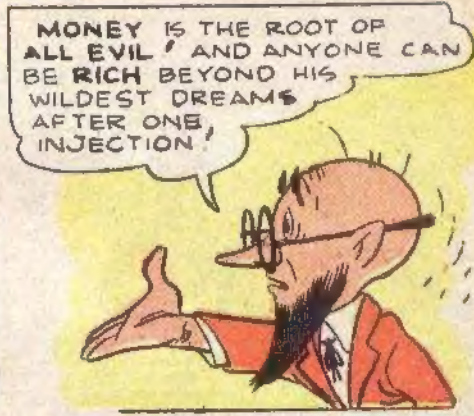
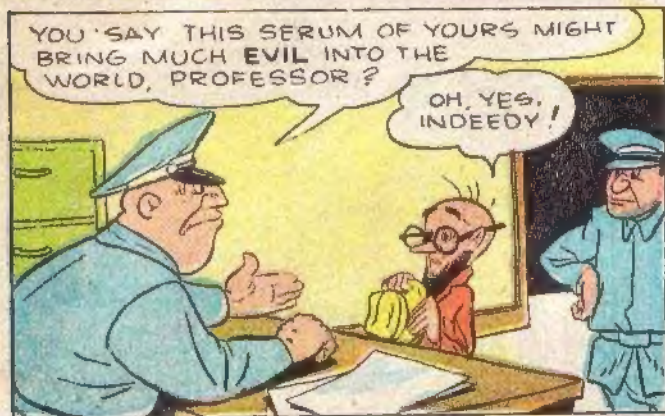


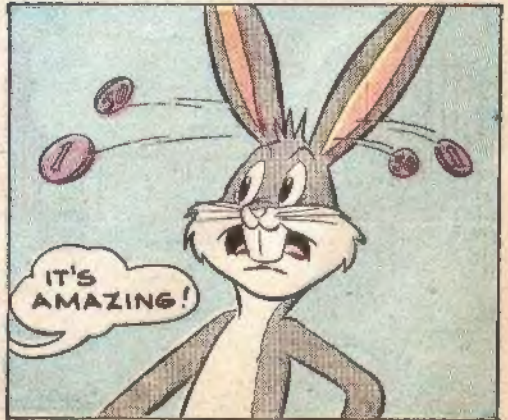
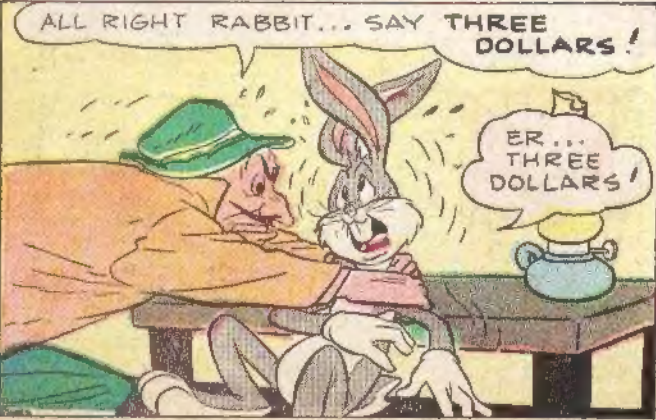
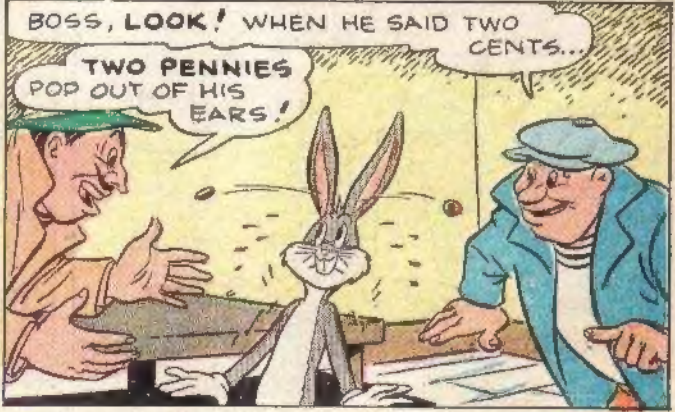
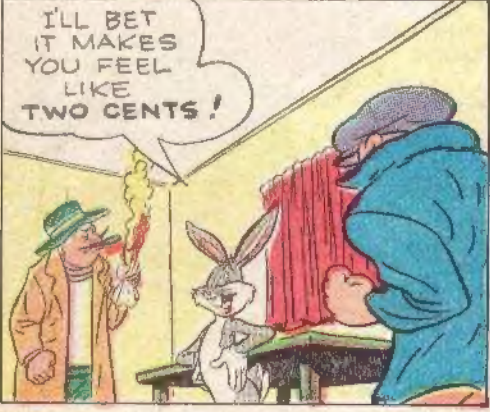


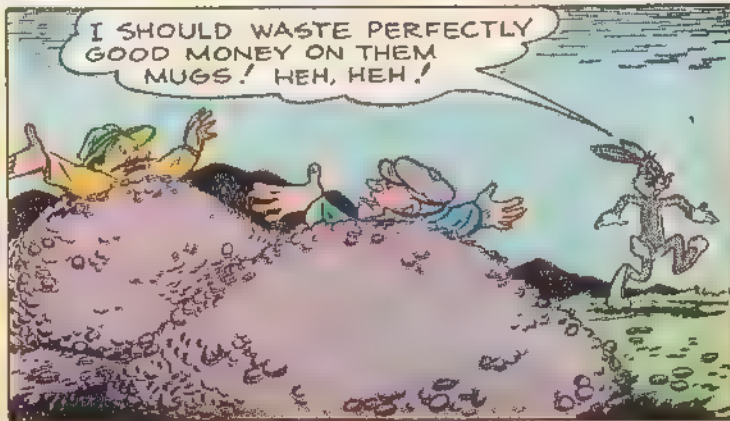
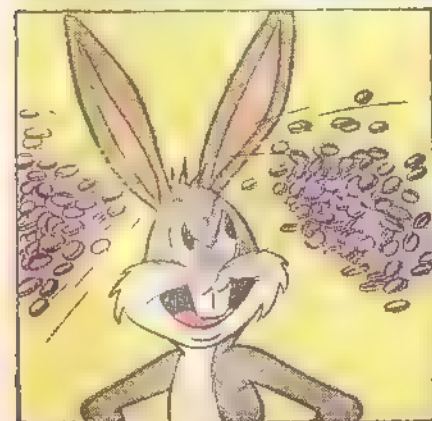
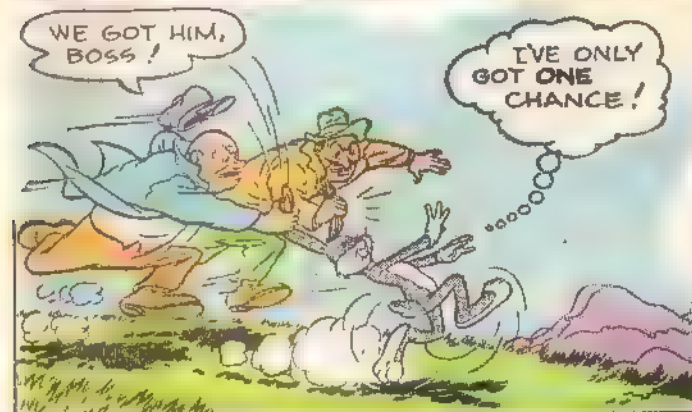
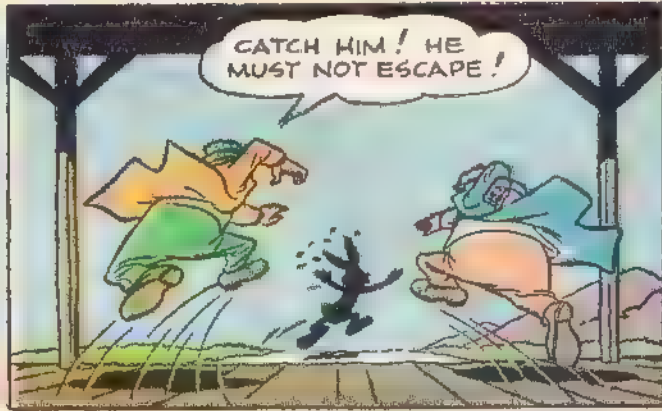
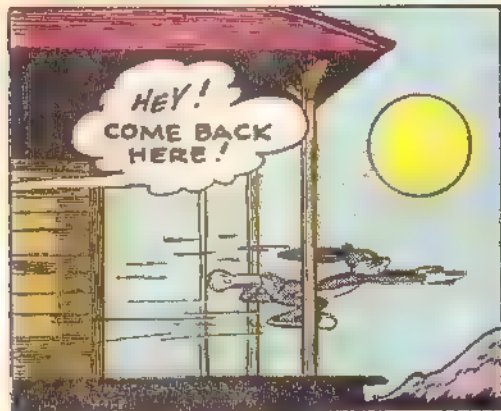
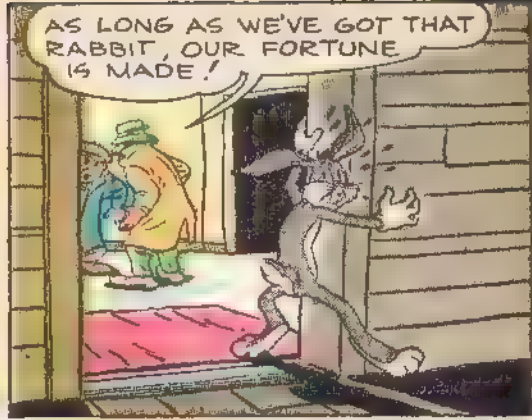
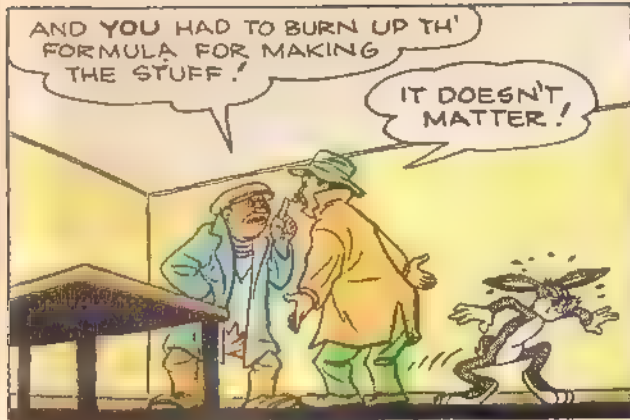


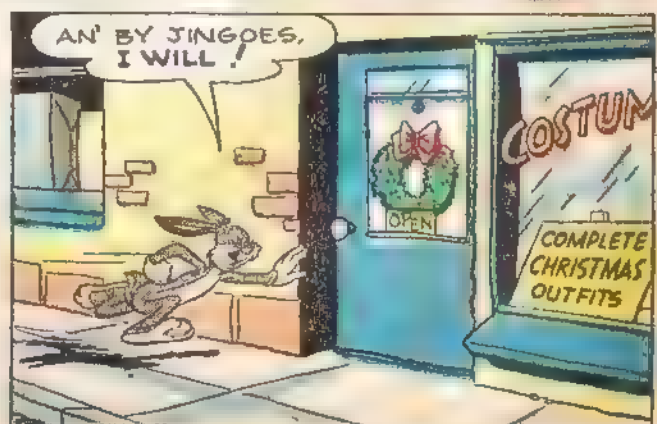
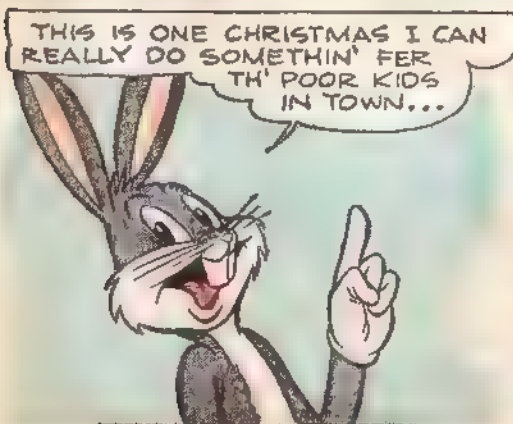
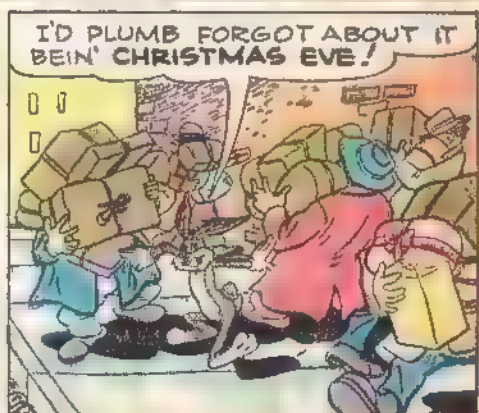
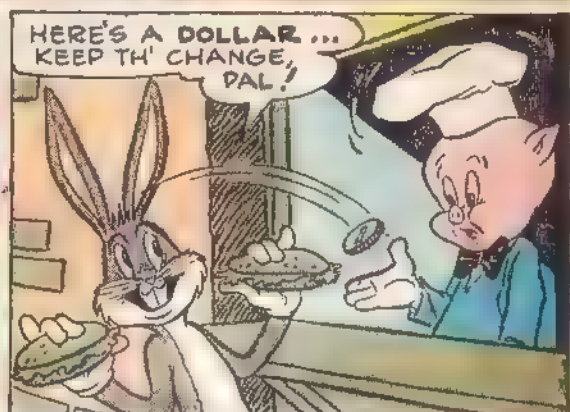
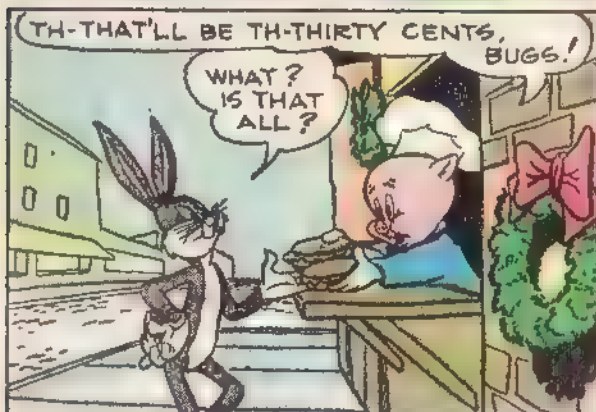
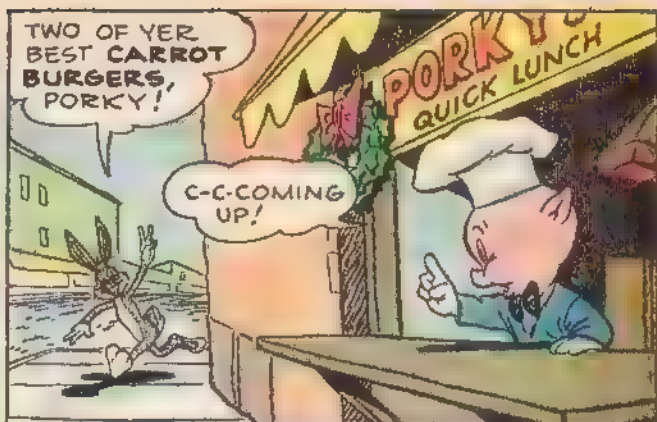
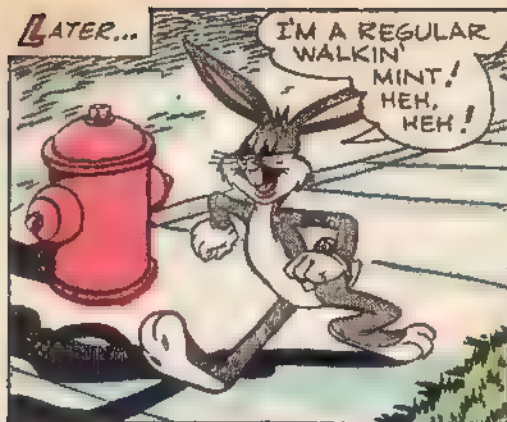


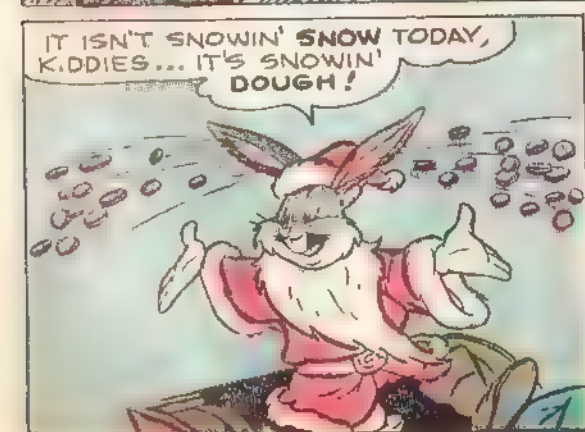
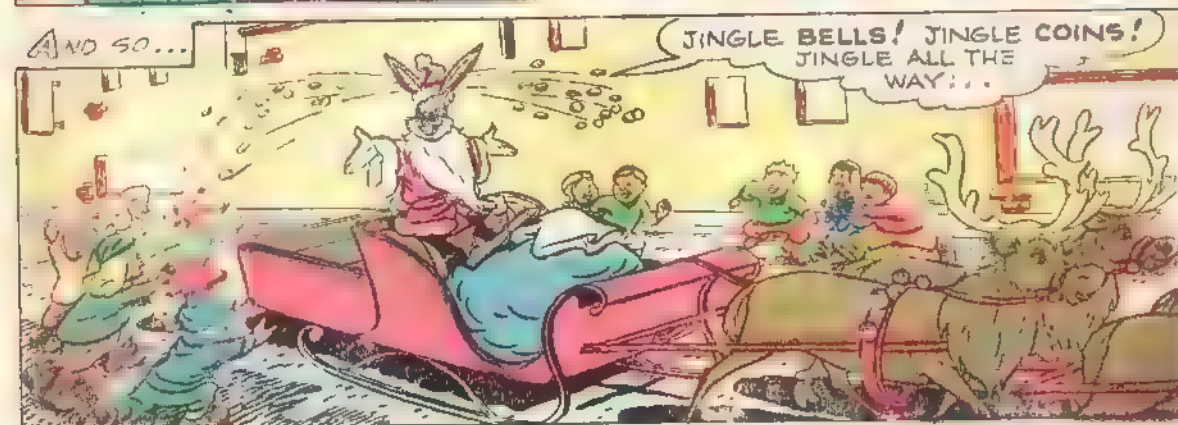
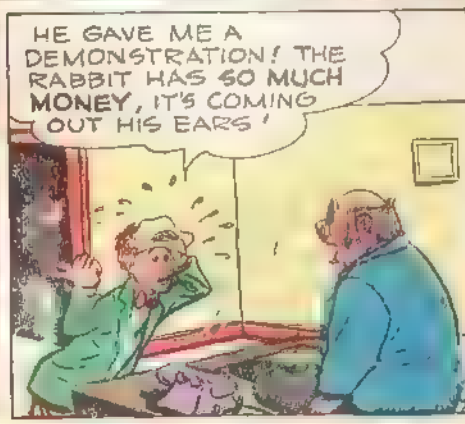
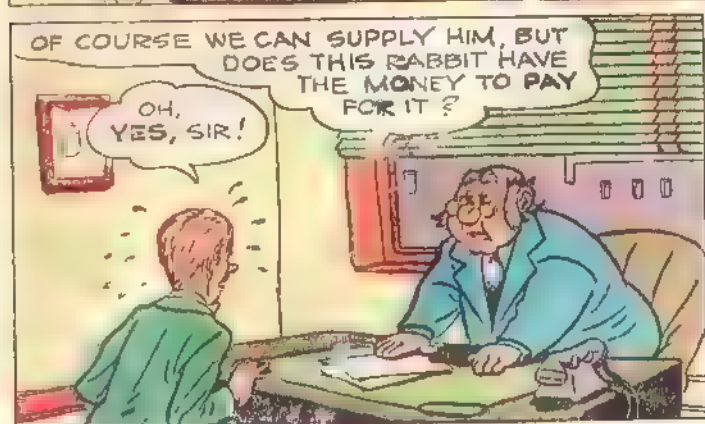
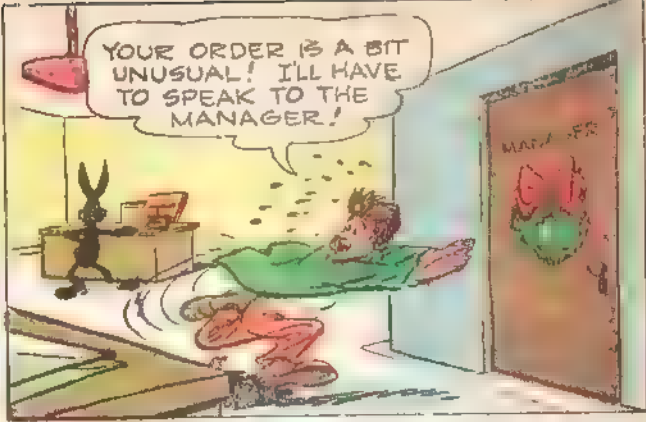
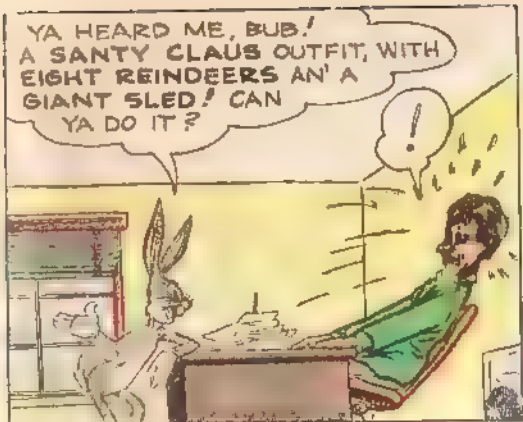


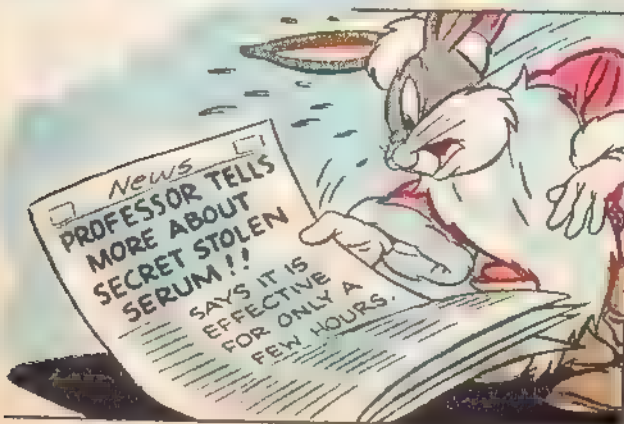
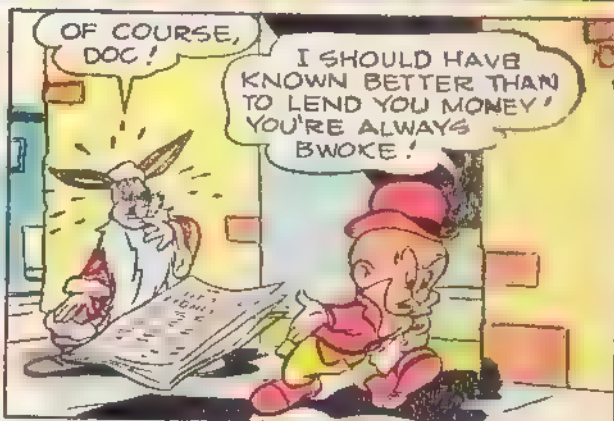
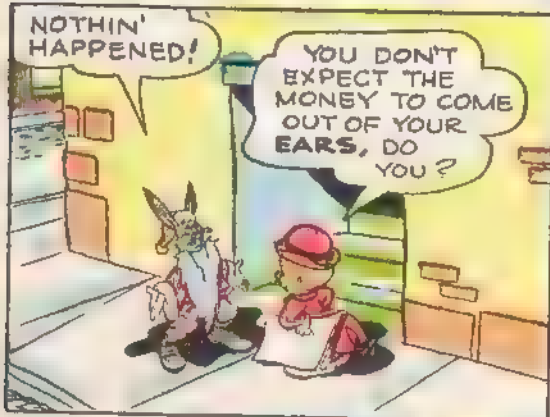
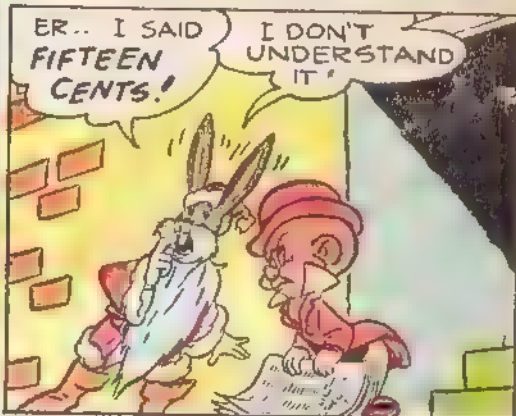
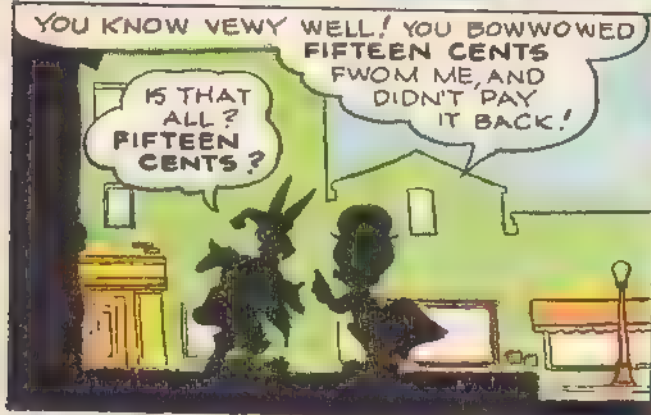
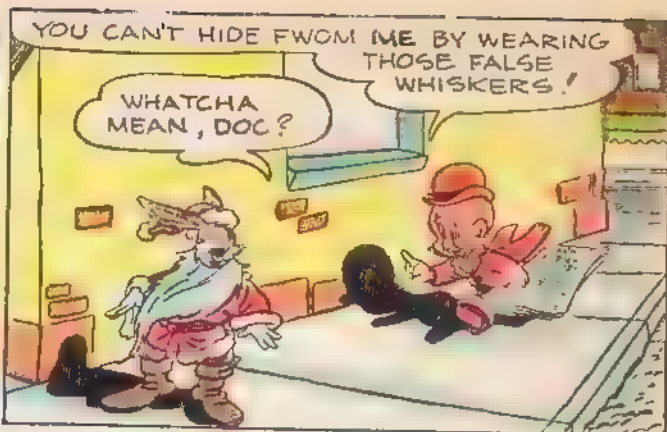
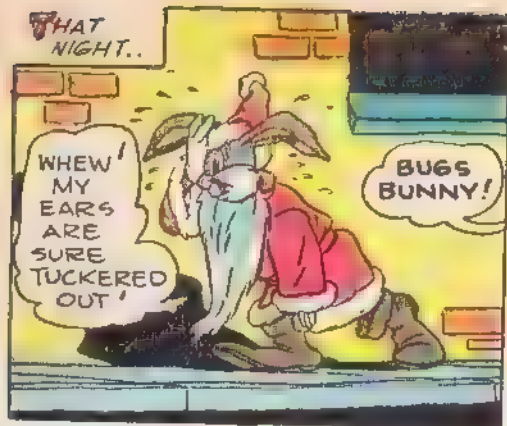










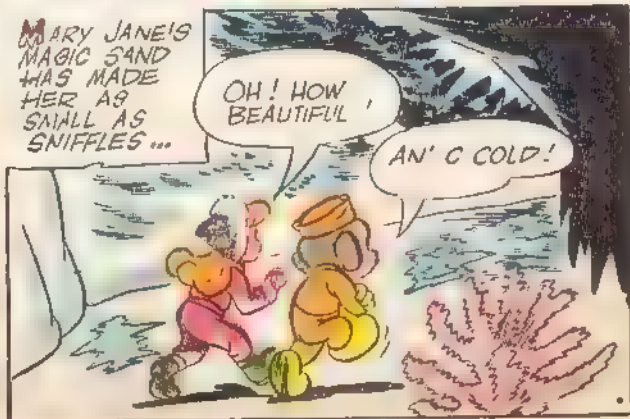
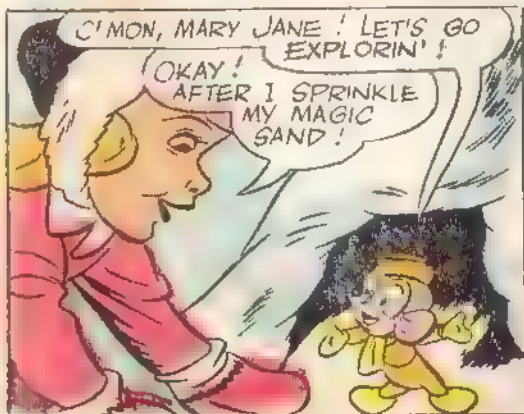
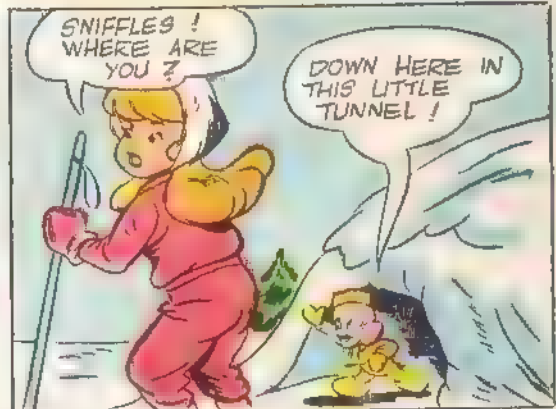
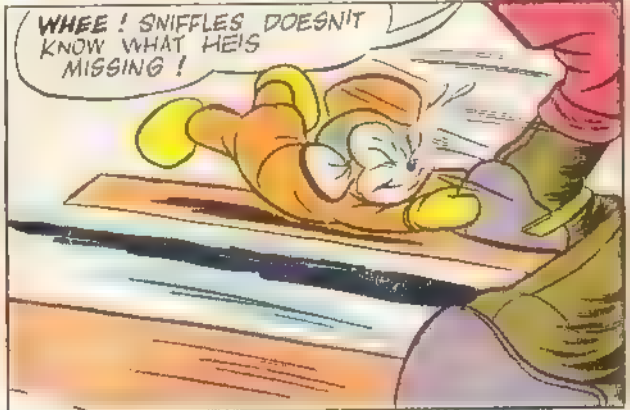
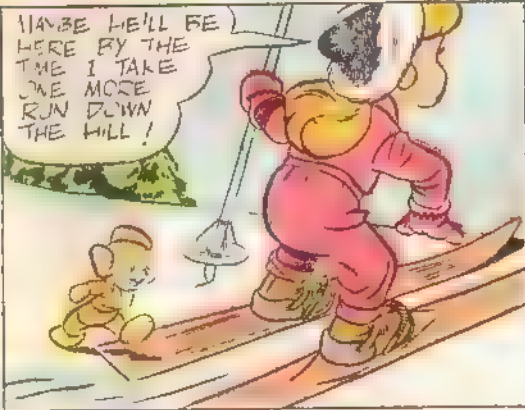


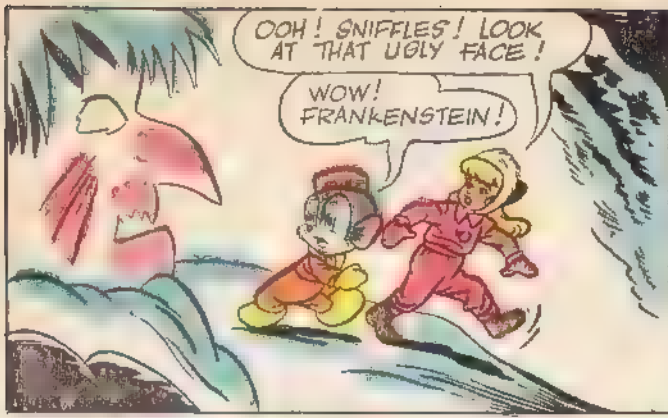
WARNER BROS.
CARTOONS, INC.
PRESENT

SNIFFLES

and
Mary Jane

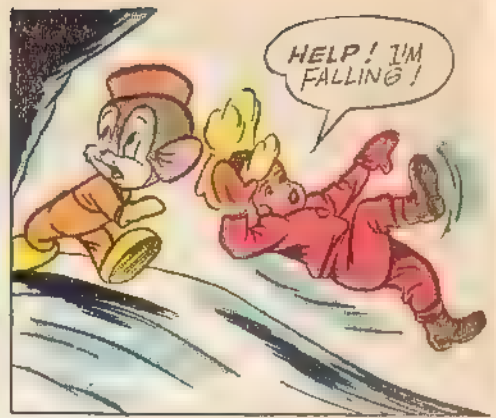
I WONDER WHERE
SNIFFLES IS! HE
PROMISED TO SKI
WITH ME TODAY!



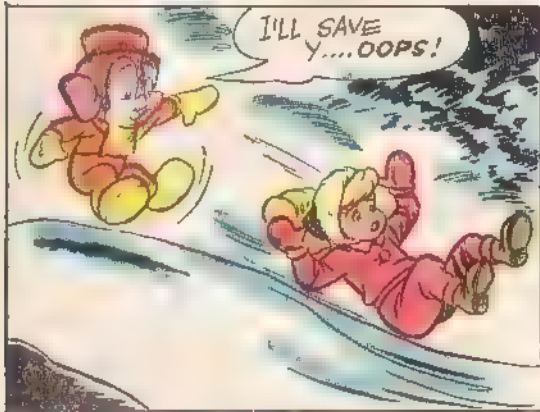


OOH! SNIFFLES! LOOK AT THAT UGLY FACE!

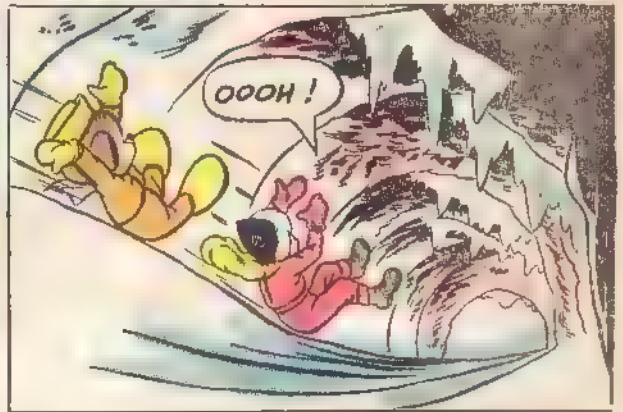
WOW! FRANKENSTEIN!



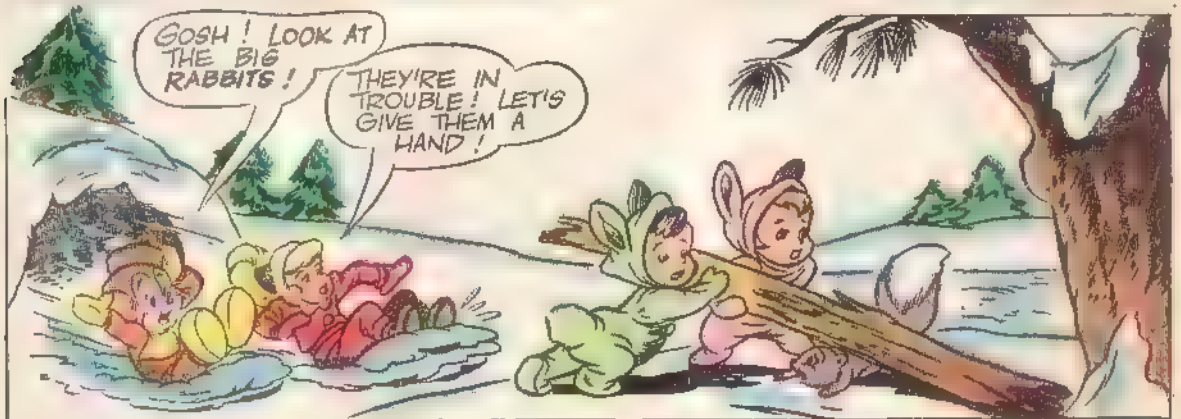
HELP! I'M FALLING!



I'LL SAVE Y....OOPS!

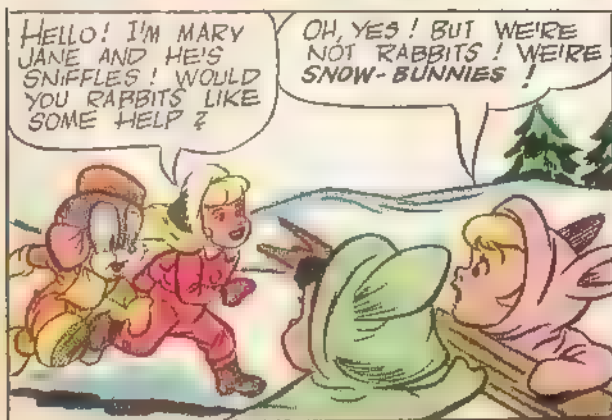


OOOH!



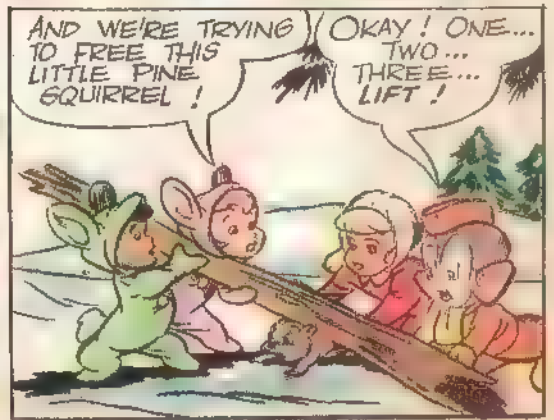
GOSH! LOOK AT THE BIG RABBITS!

THEY'RE IN TROUBLE! LET'S GIVE THEM A HAND!



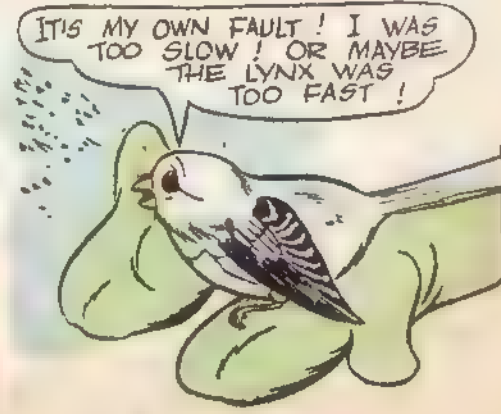
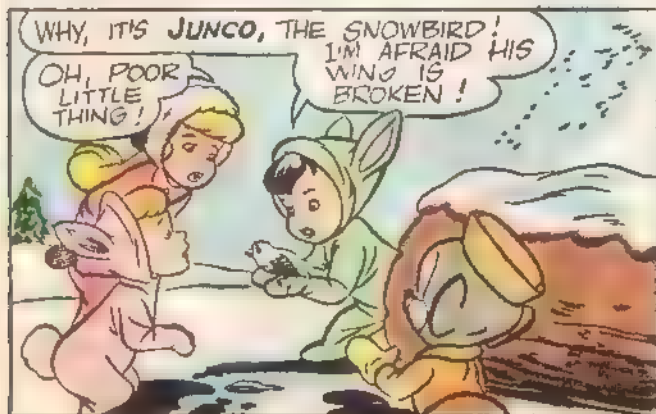
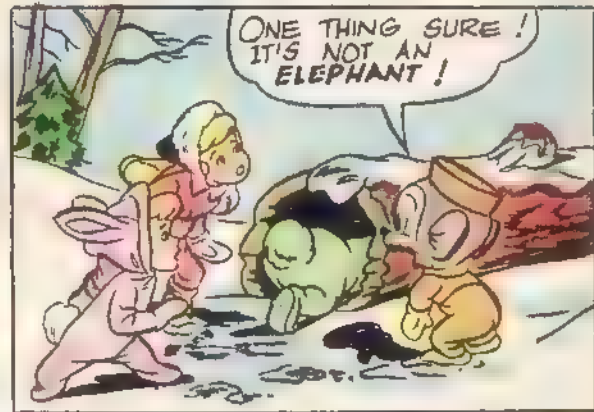
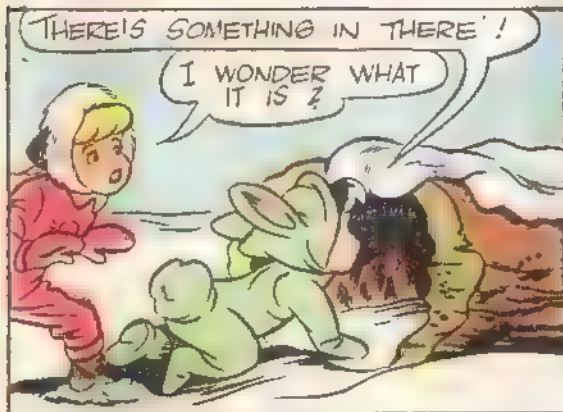
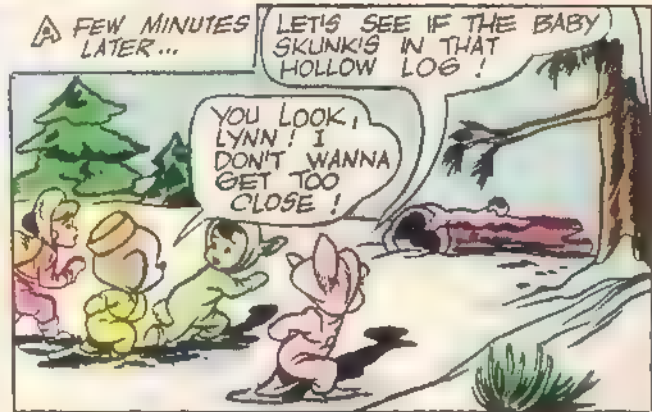
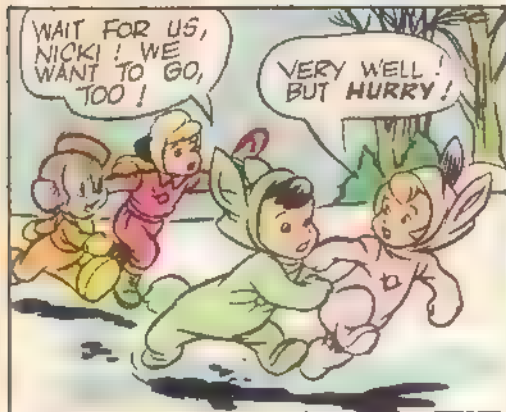
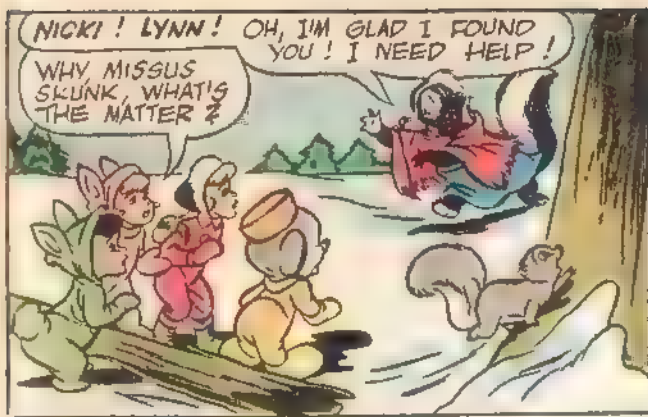
HELLO! I'M MARY JANE AND HE'S SNIFFLES! WOULD YOU RABBITS LIKE SOME HELP?

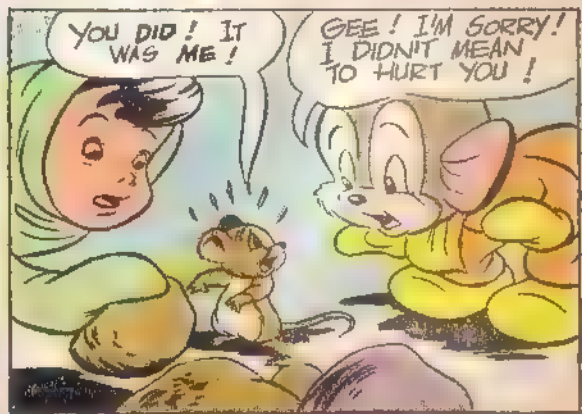
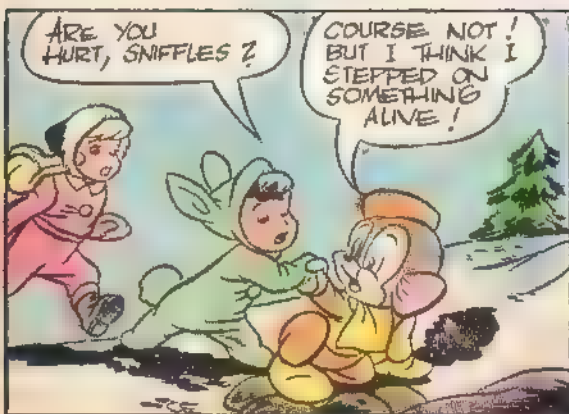
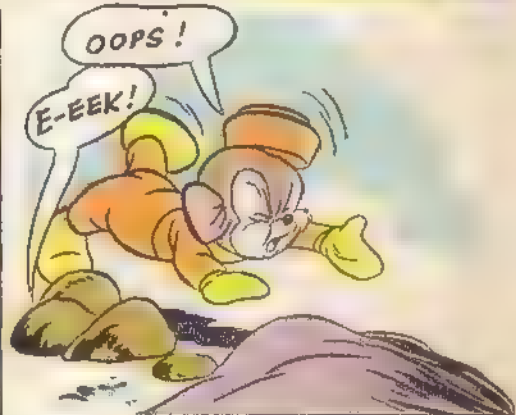
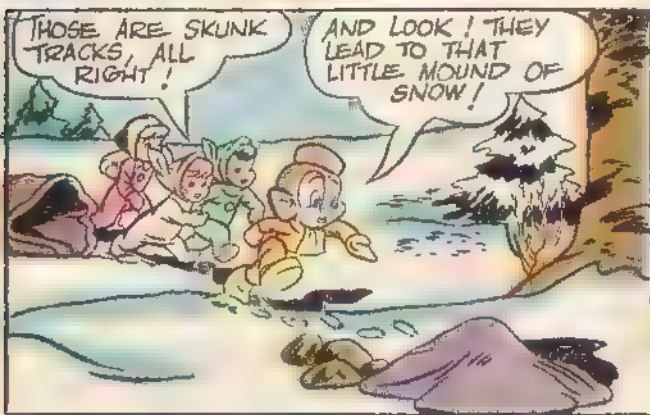
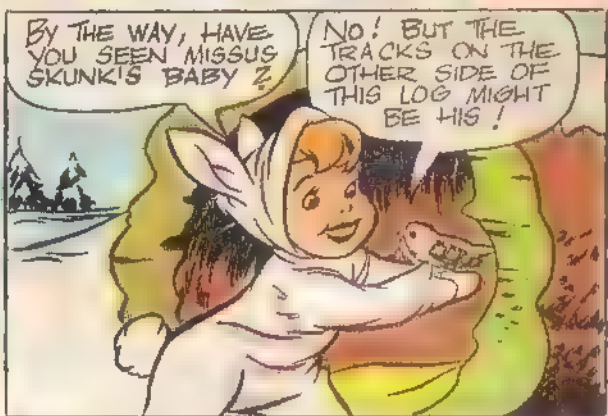
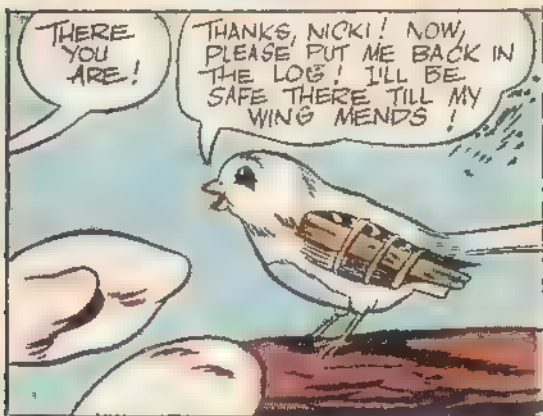
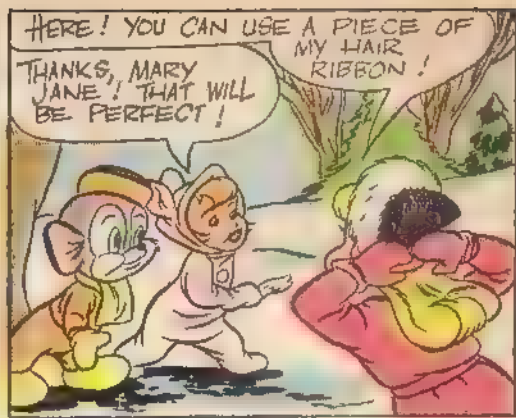
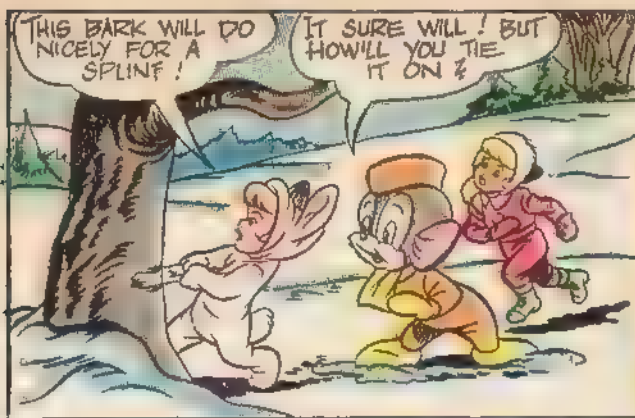
OH, YES! BUT WE'RE NOT RABBITS! WE'RE SNOW-BUNNIES!

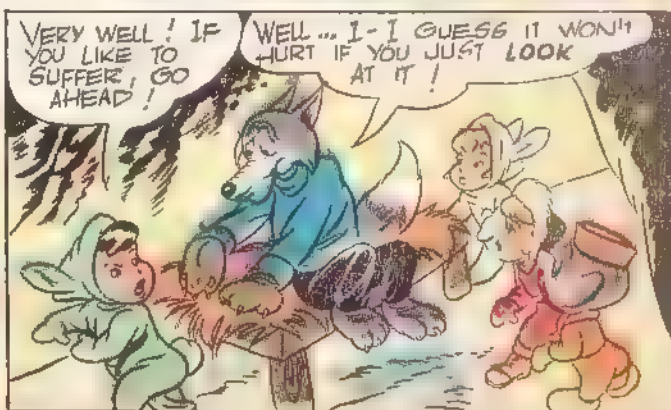
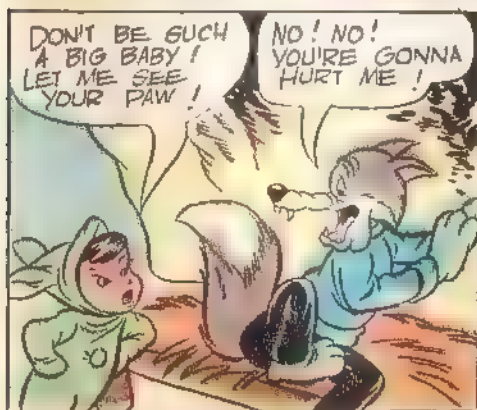
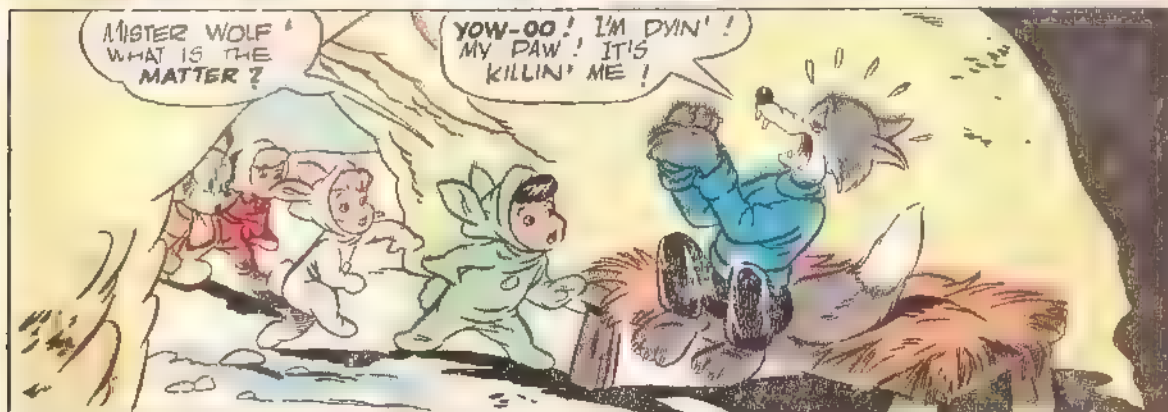
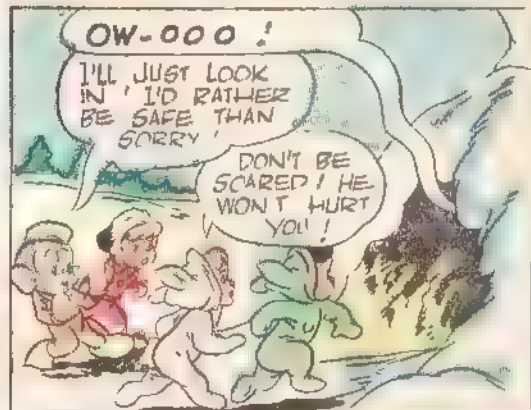
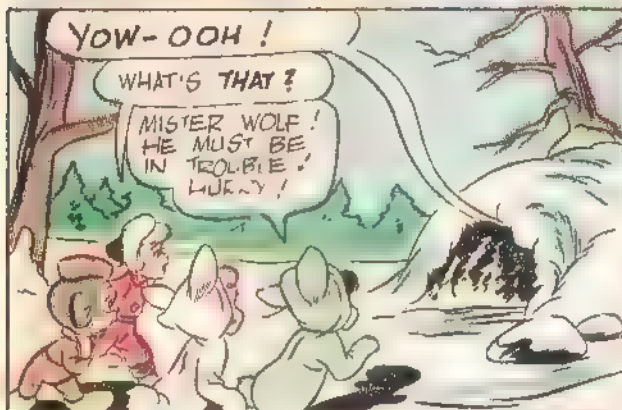
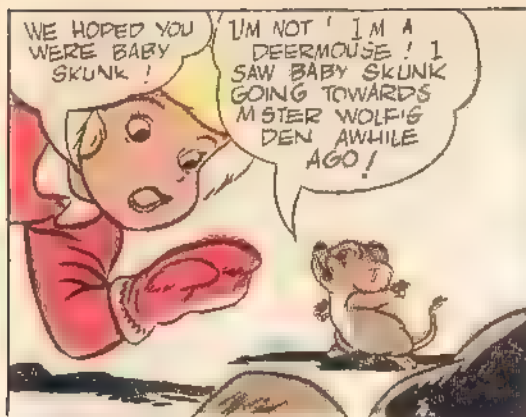


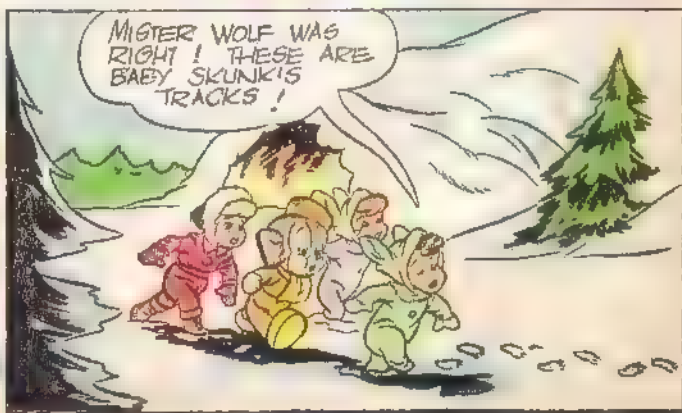
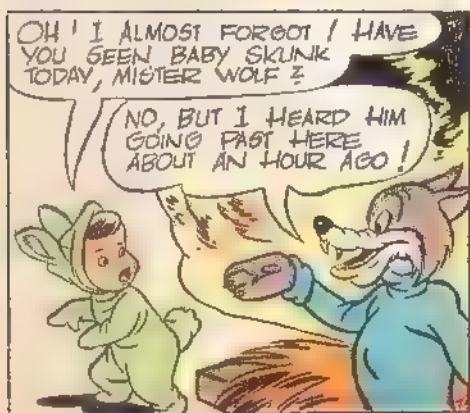
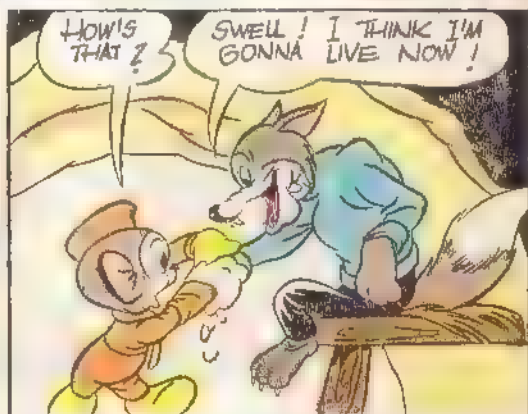
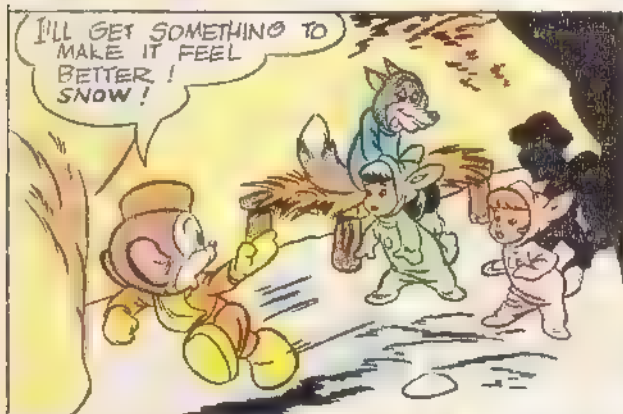
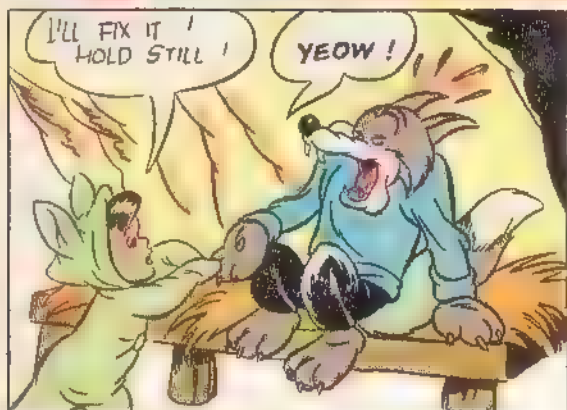
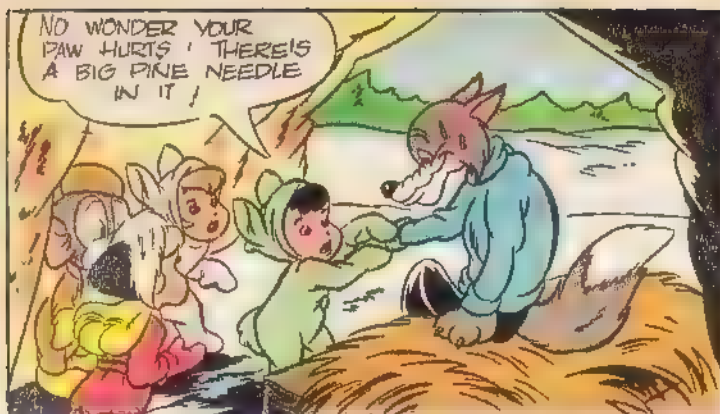
AND WE'RE TRYING TO FREE THIS LITTLE PINE SQUIRREL!

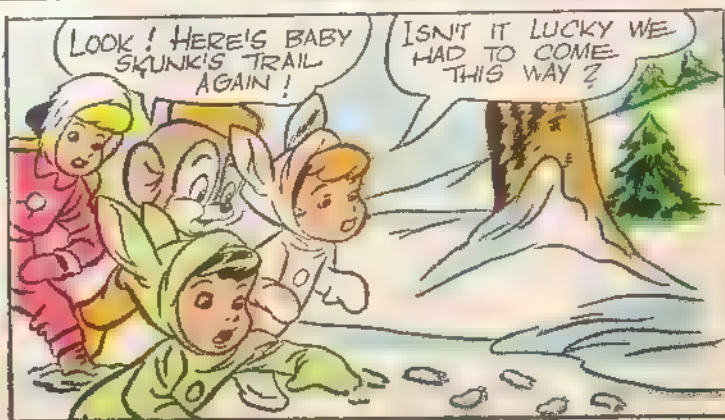
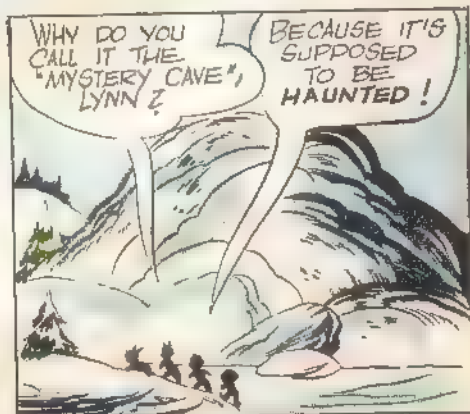
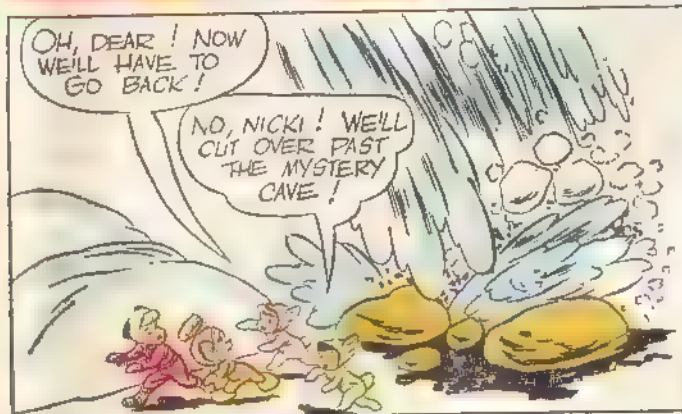
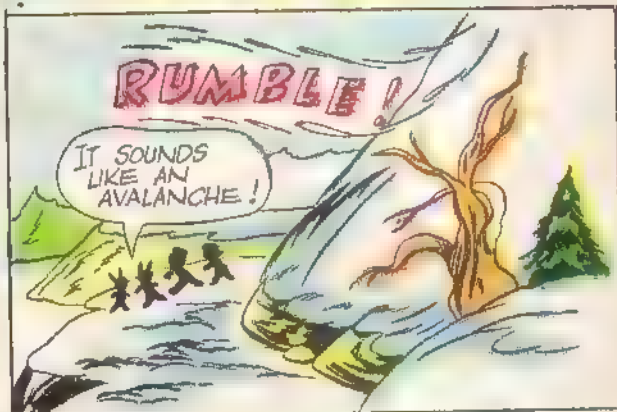
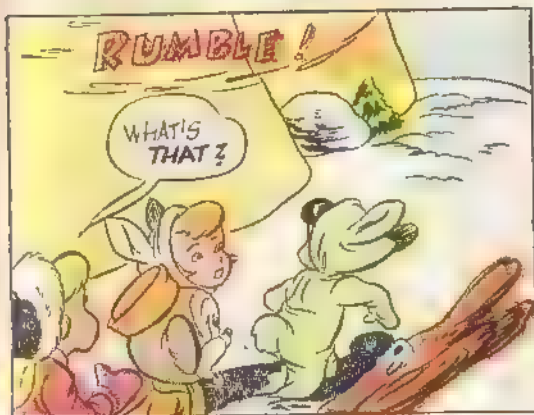
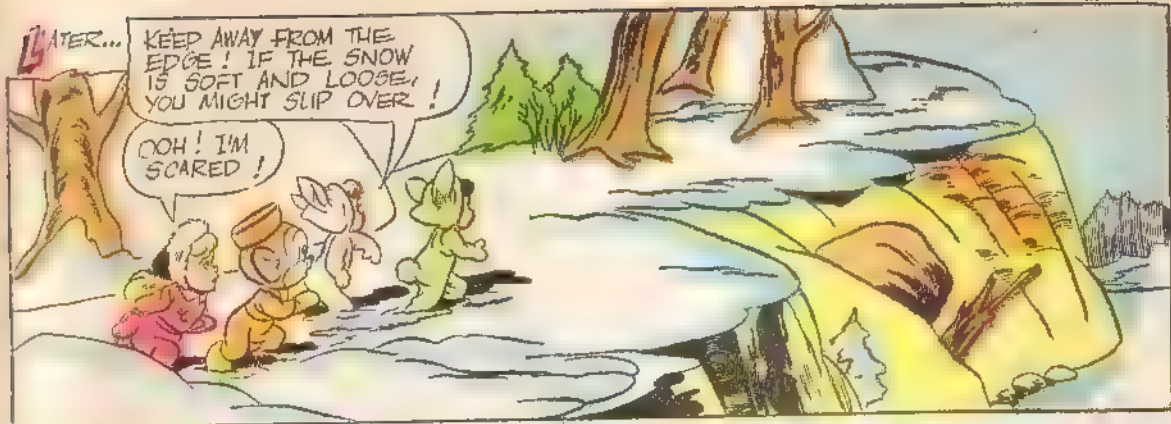
OKAY! ONE... TWO... THREE... LIFT!

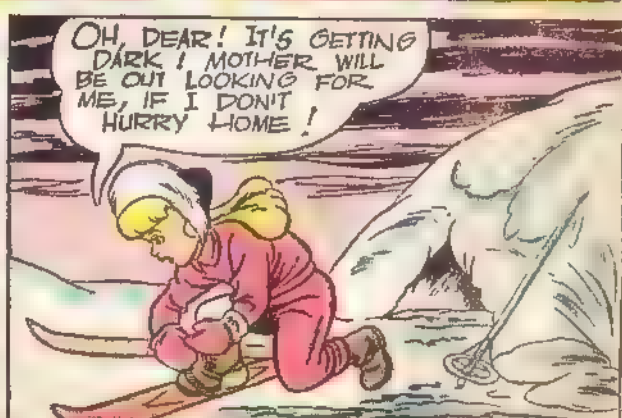
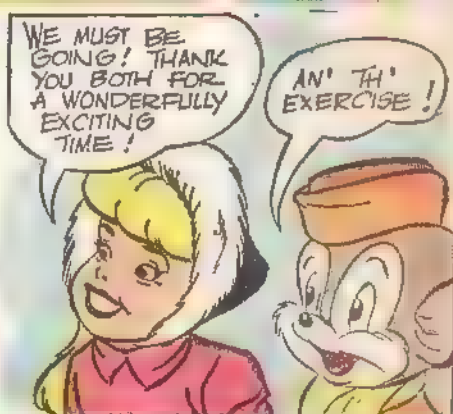
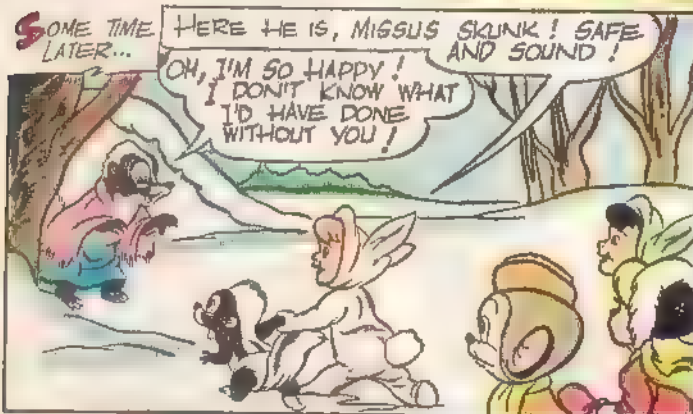
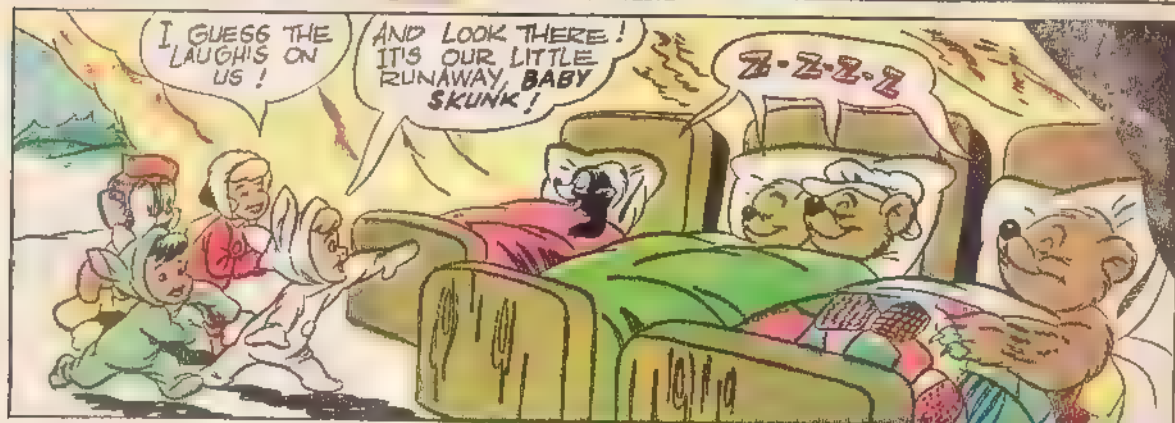
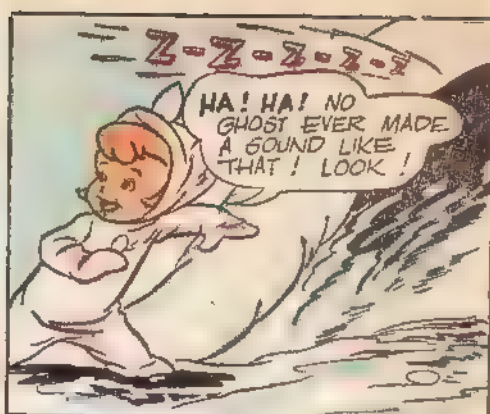
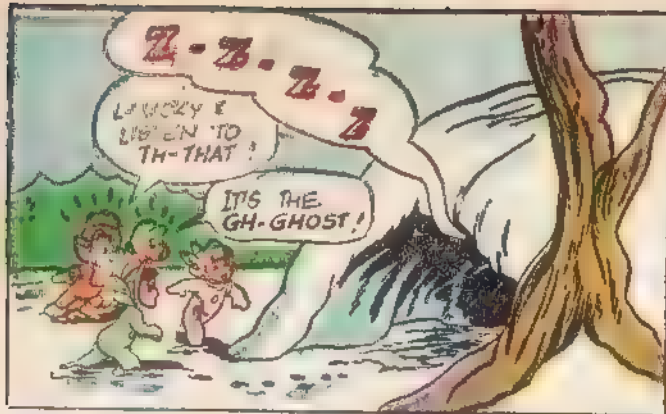












WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.,
PRESENT -

PORKY PIG

TH-THIS
SURE IS
A KEEN
B-BOOK!

IF I S-STUDY
REAL HARD, I'LL
BET I'LL BE A
S-STAR REPORTER
SOMEDAY!

HOW TO BE A
NEWSPAPER
REPORTER

B-B-Z
LESSONS

DING!

DING!

"SCOOPY" P-PIG,
THEY'LL CALL
M-ME!

IT'S K-KINDA HARD
TO CONCENTRATE ON
A B-BOOK WHEN
THAT B-BELL IS
MAKING S-SO
MUCH N-NOISE!

DING!
DING!

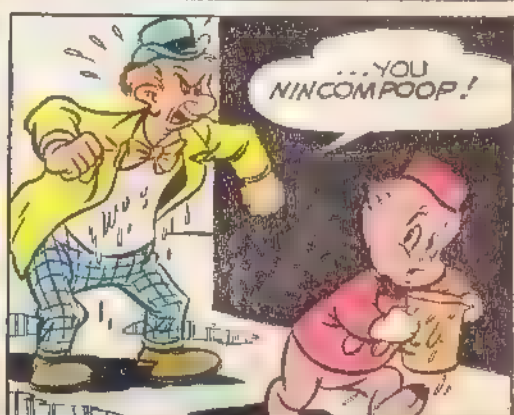
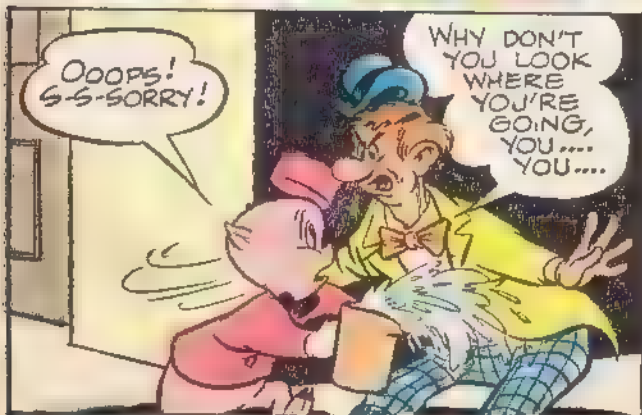
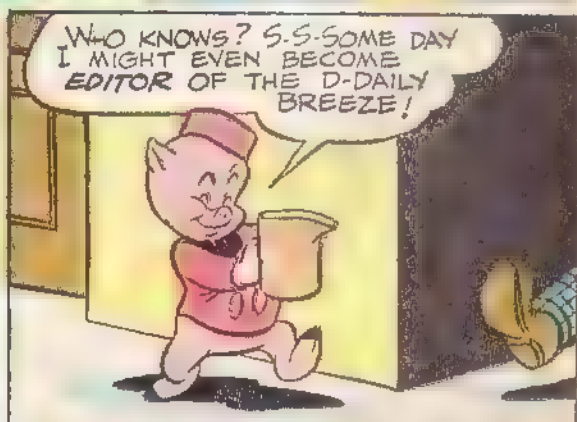
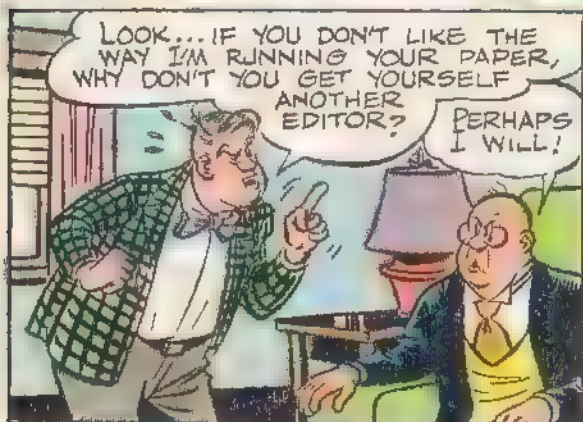
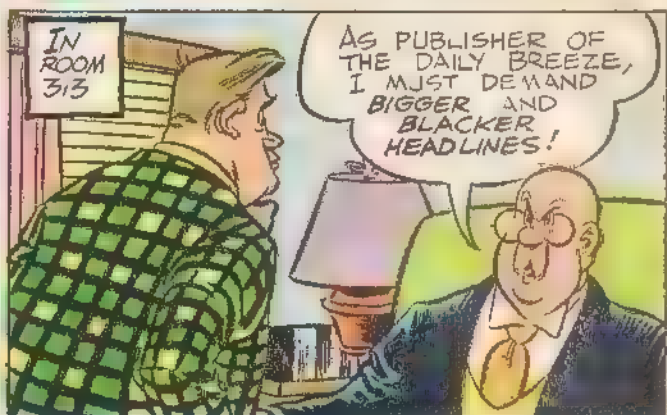
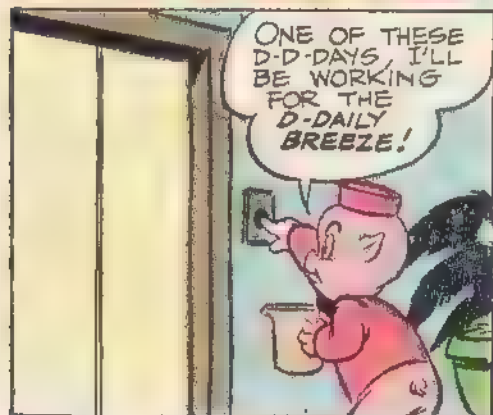
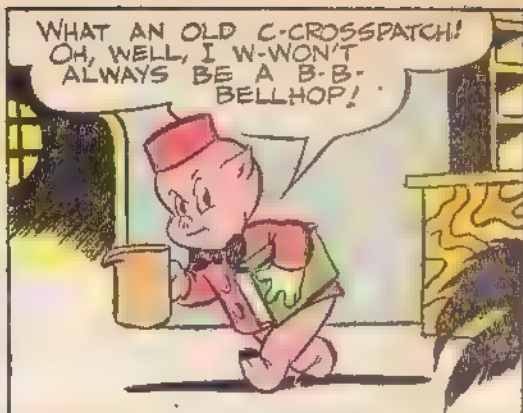
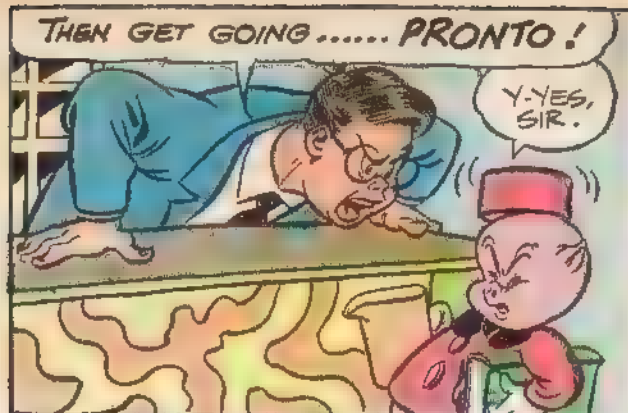
TH'
B-B-BELL!
OMIGOSH!

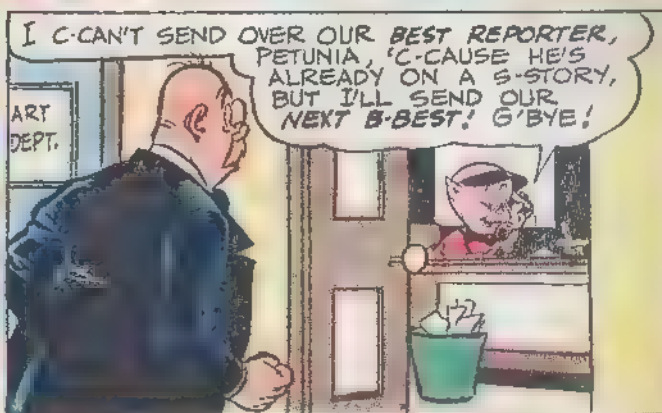
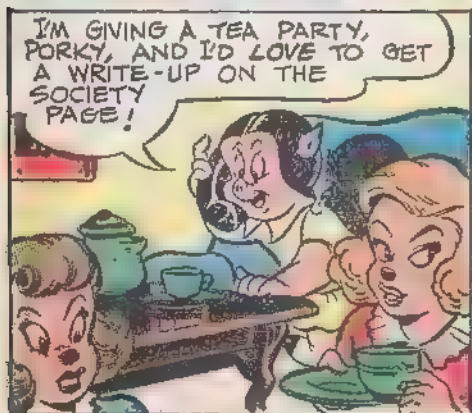
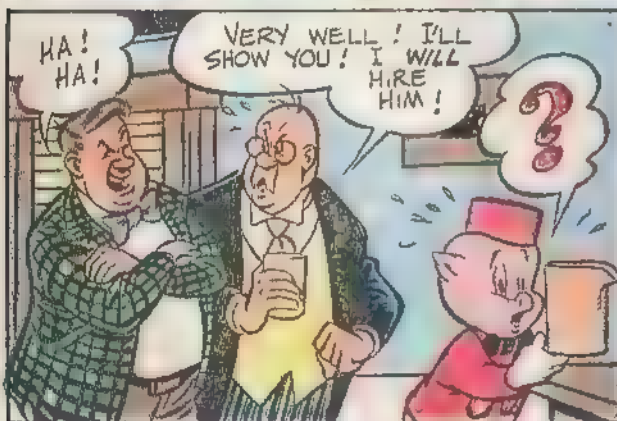
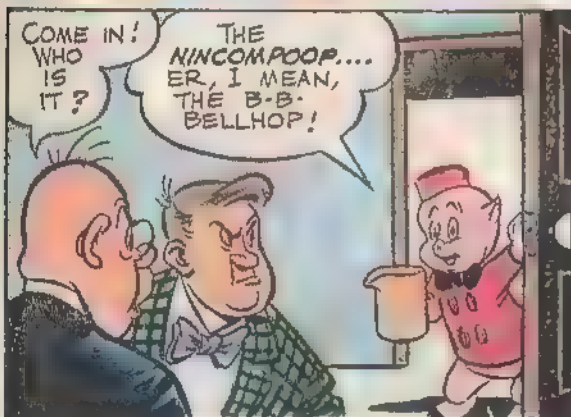
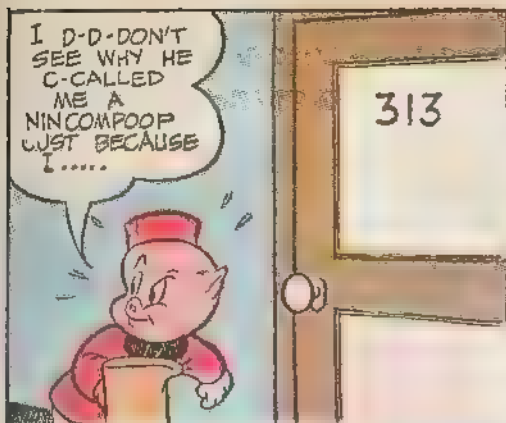
D-D-DID
YOU
RING,
S-SIR?

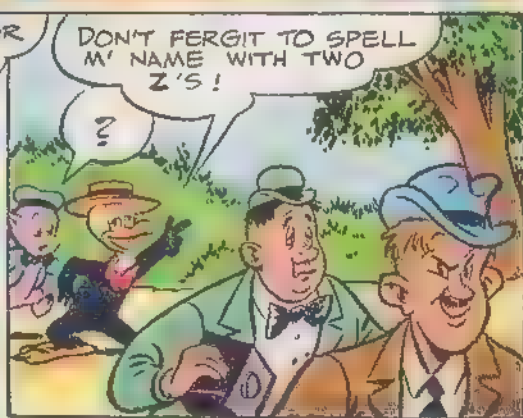
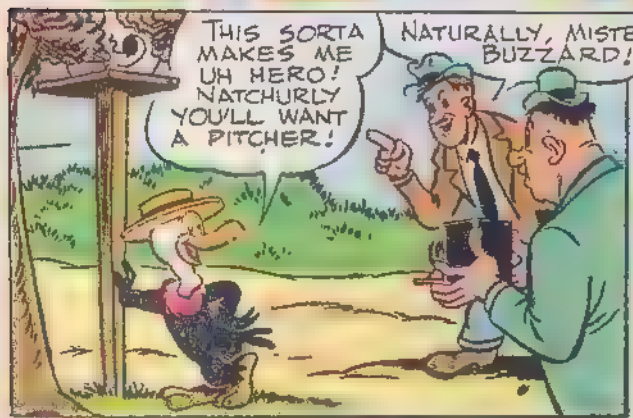
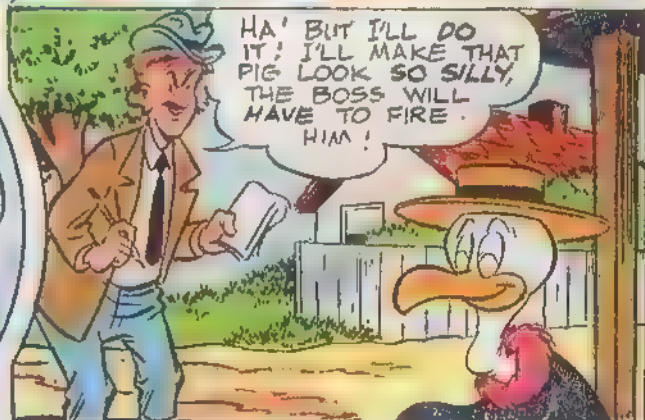
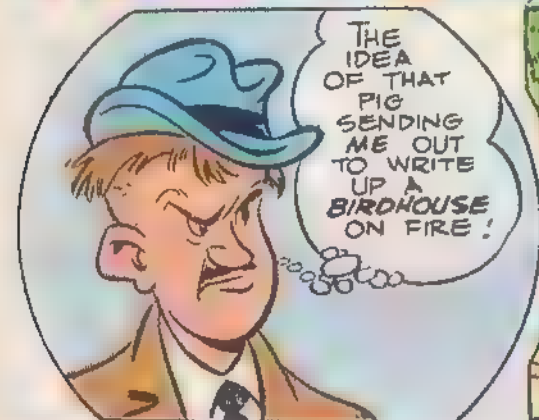
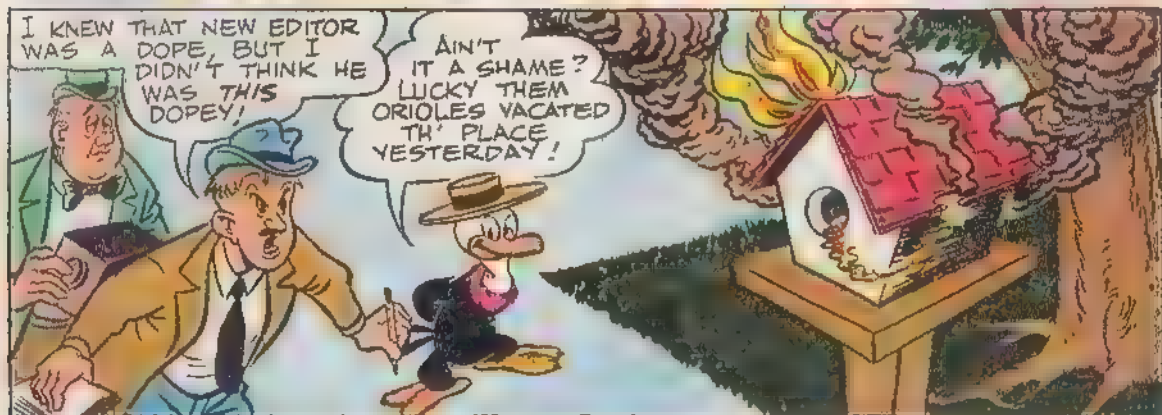
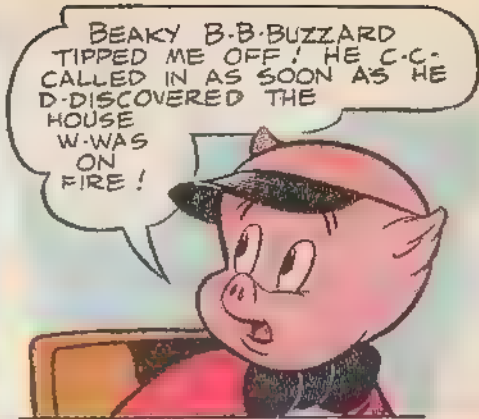
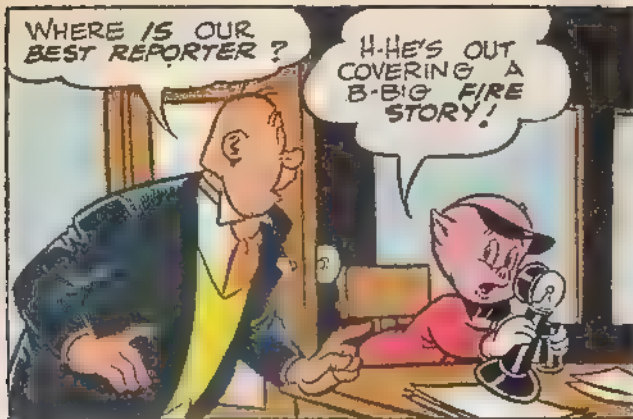
IF
IT'S NOT
ASKING
TOO
MUCH.....

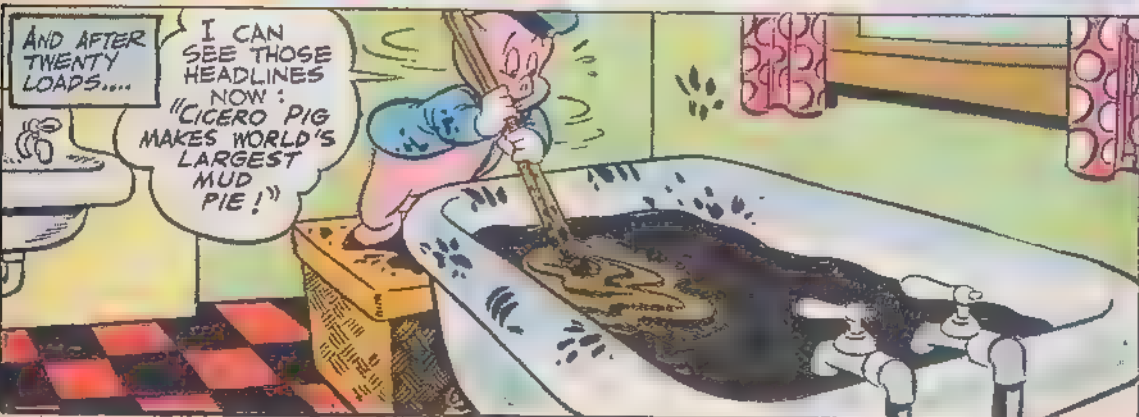
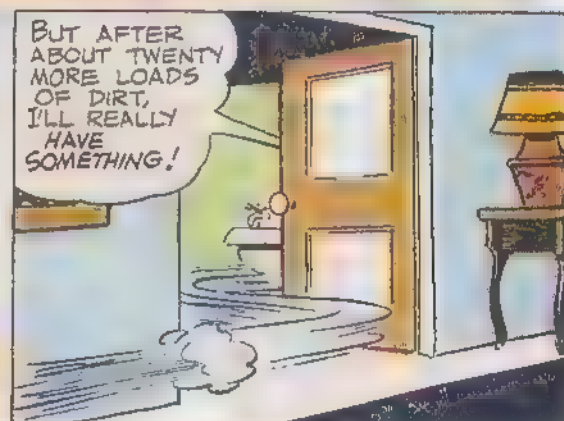
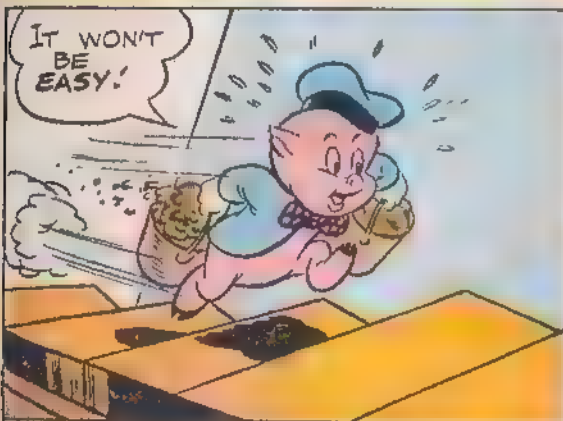
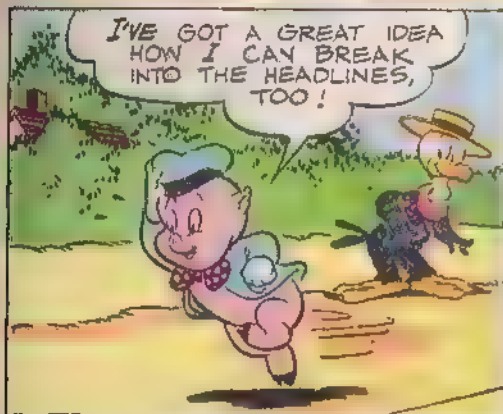
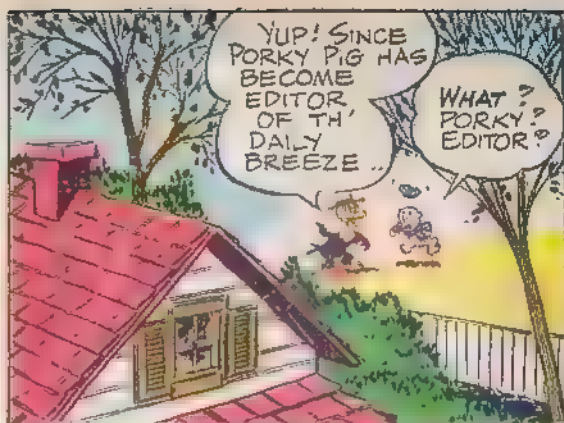
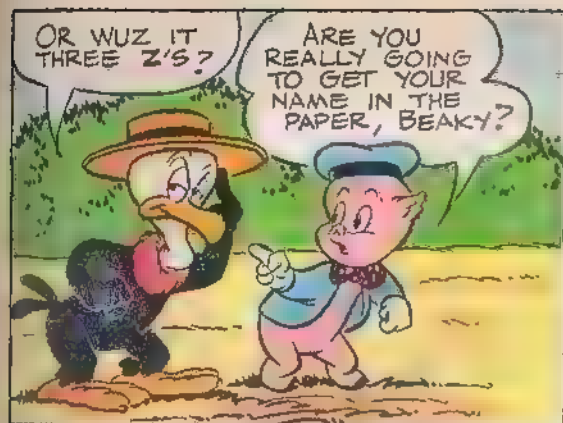
WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS
TO TAKE THIS PITCHER OF
ICE WATER
TO ROOM
313?

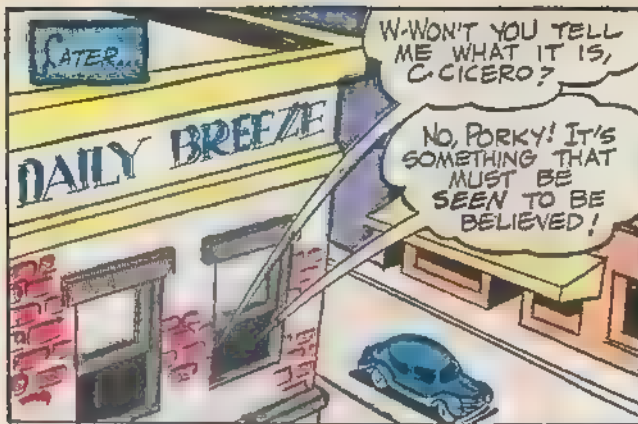
N-NOT AT
ALL! WHY,
THAT'S WHAT WE
B-BELLHOPS ARE
F-FOR, YOU
KNOW!





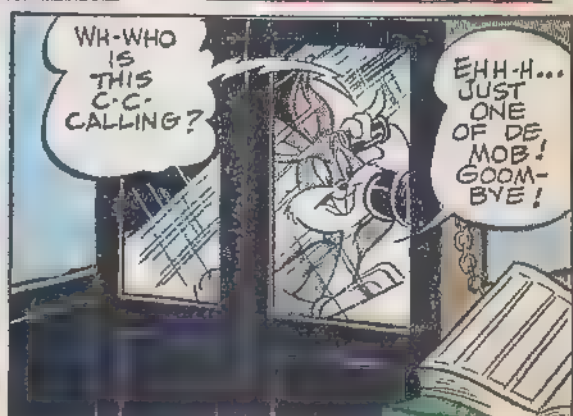
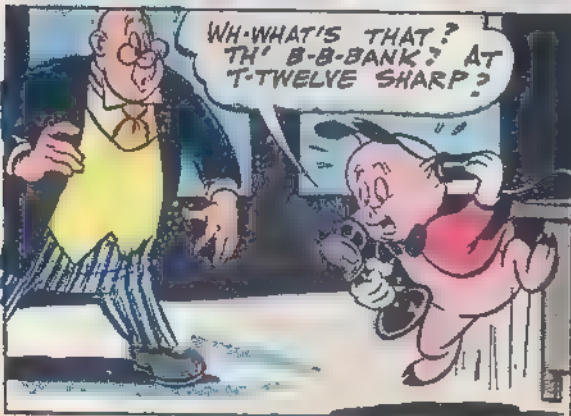
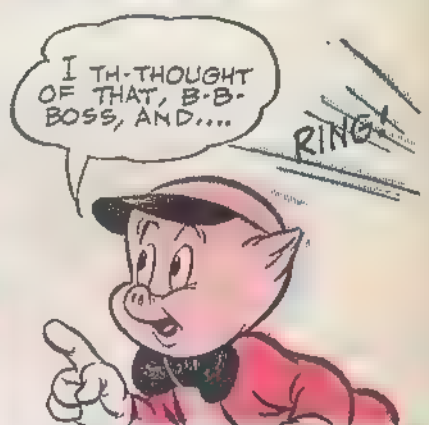
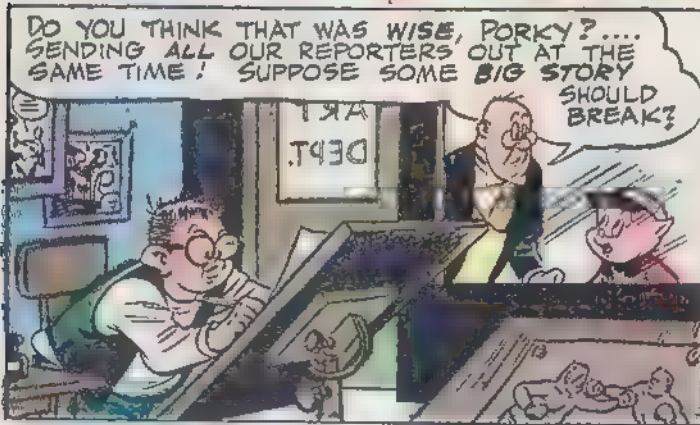
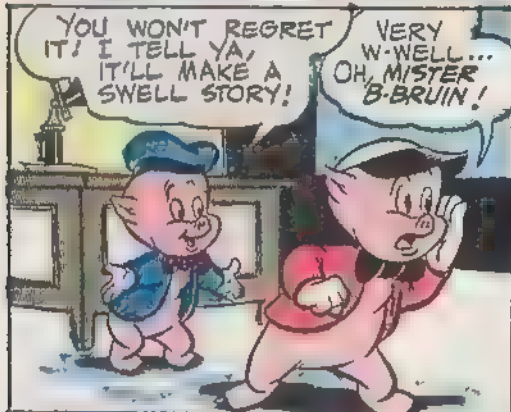
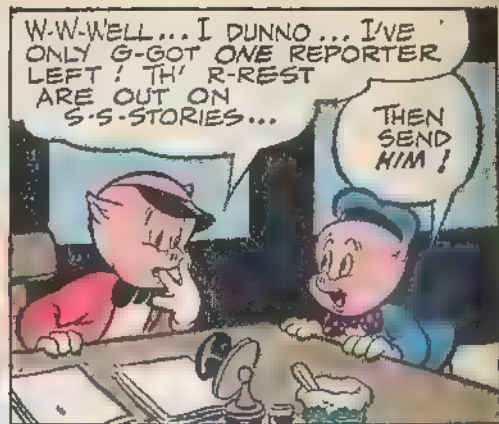


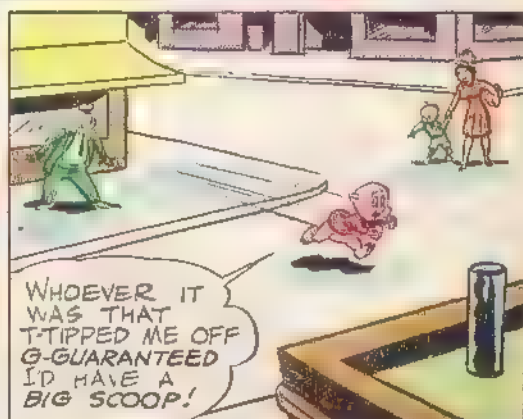
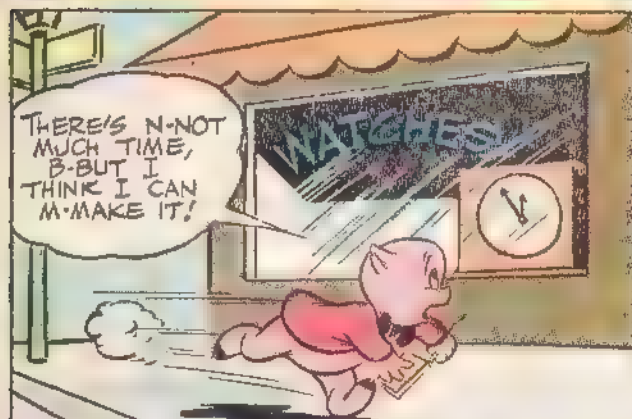
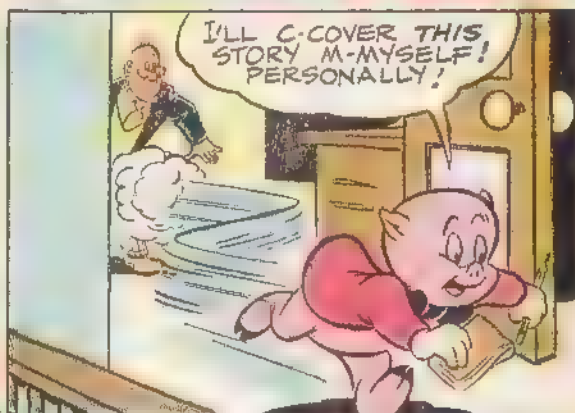
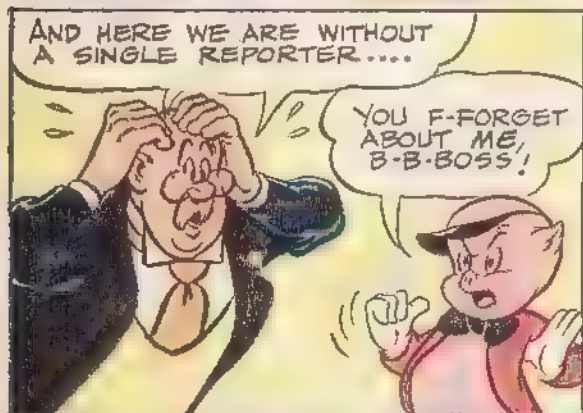
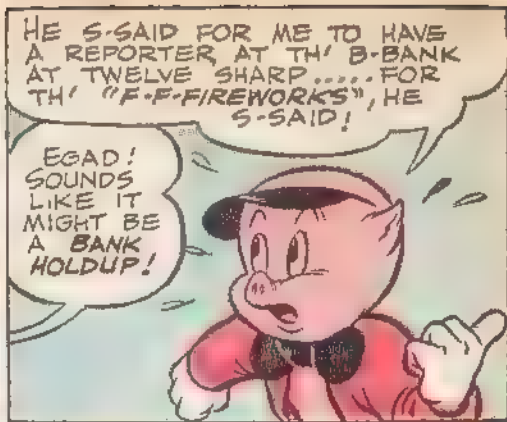
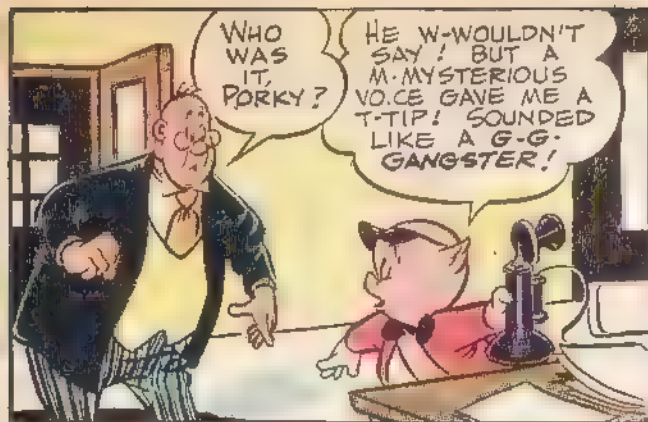


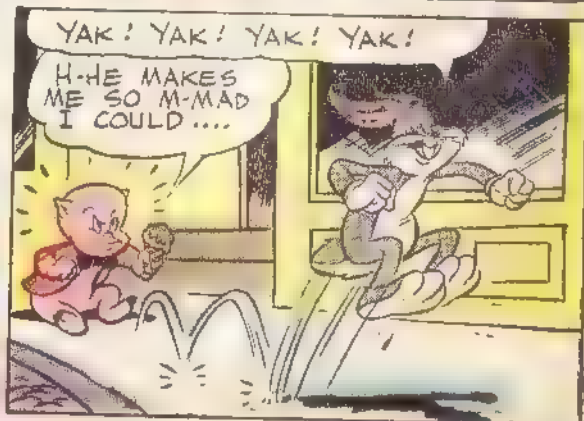
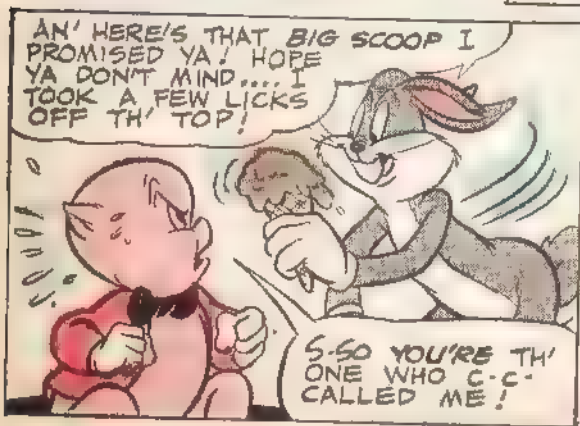
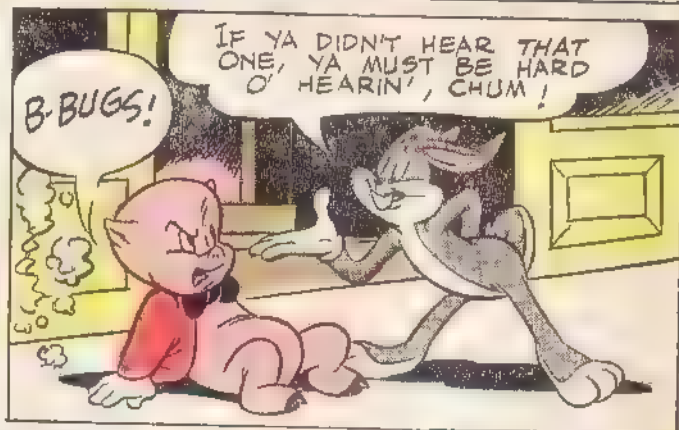
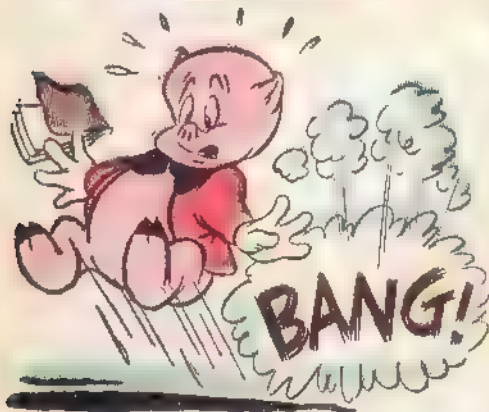
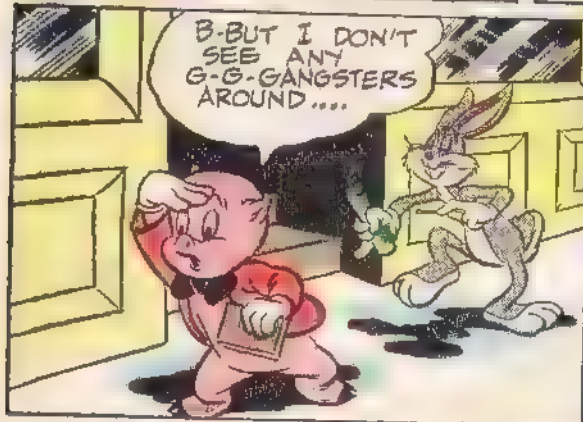
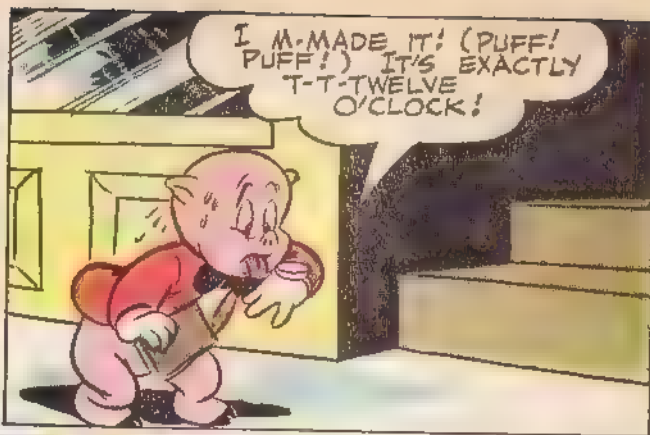
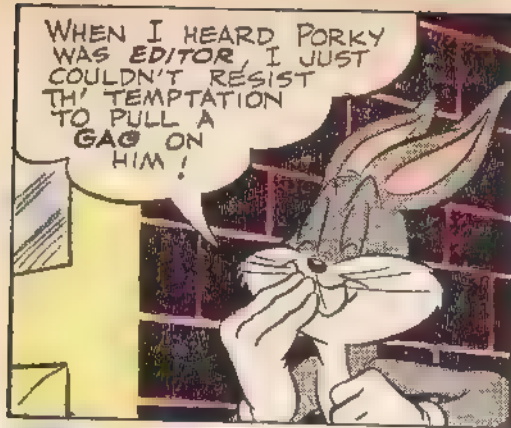


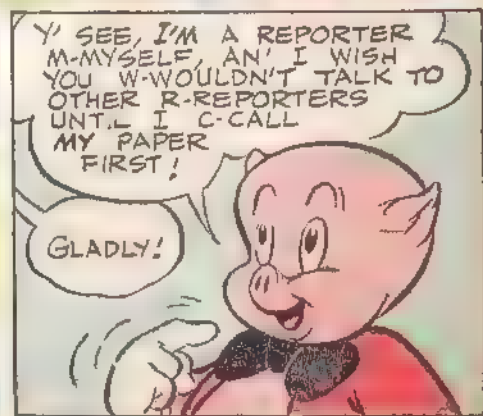
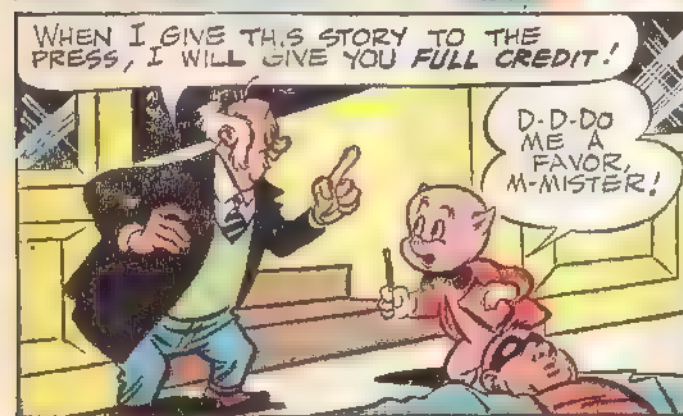
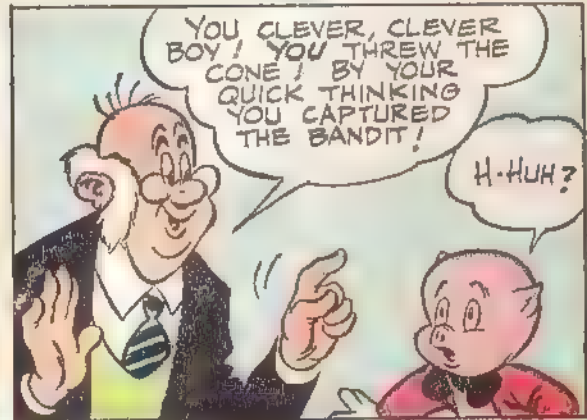
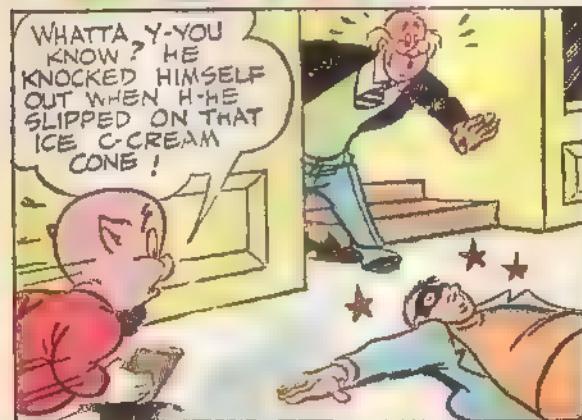
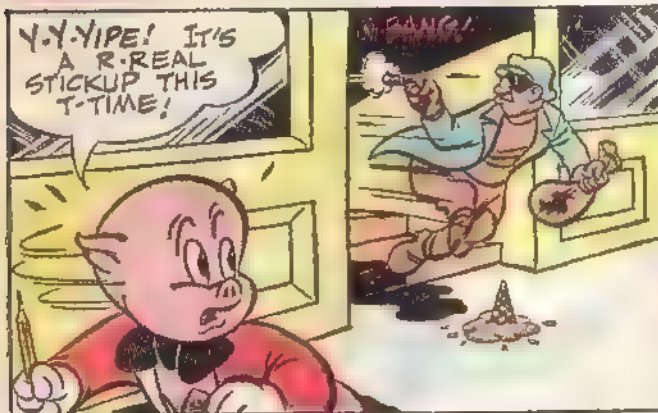
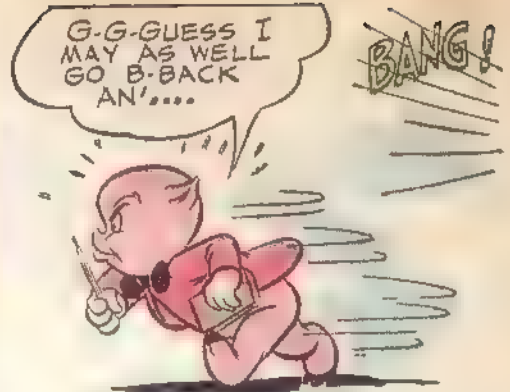
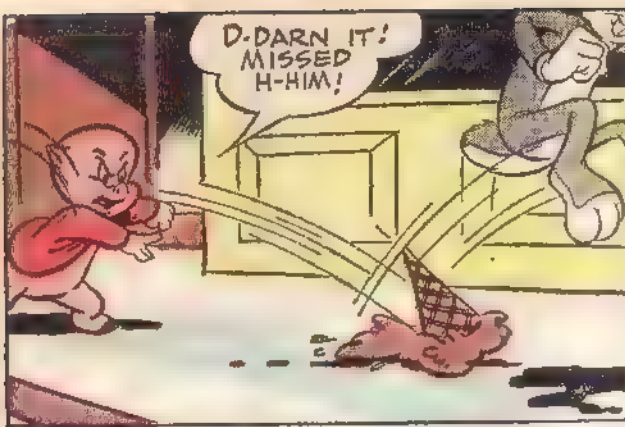
W-WON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT IT IS, C-CICERO?

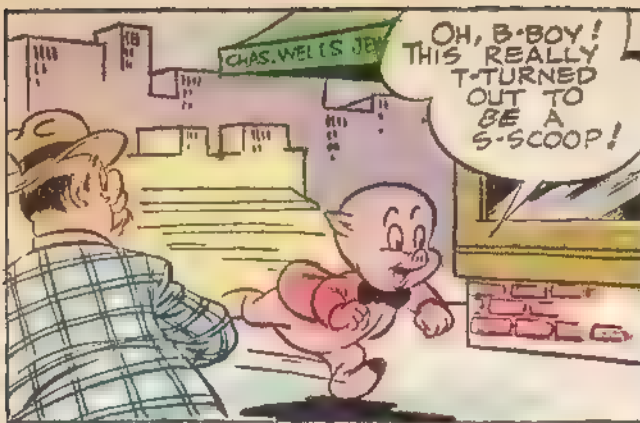
NO, PORKY! IT'S SOMETHING THAT MUST BE SEEN TO BE BELIEVED!



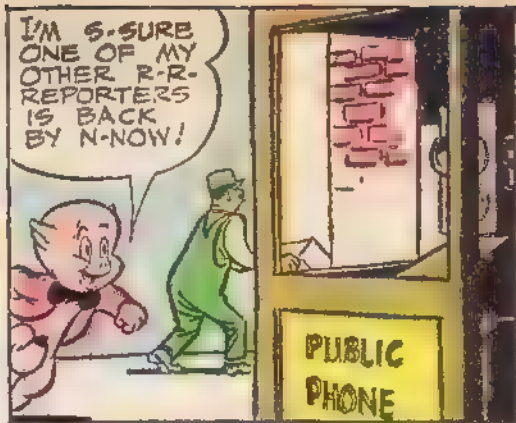






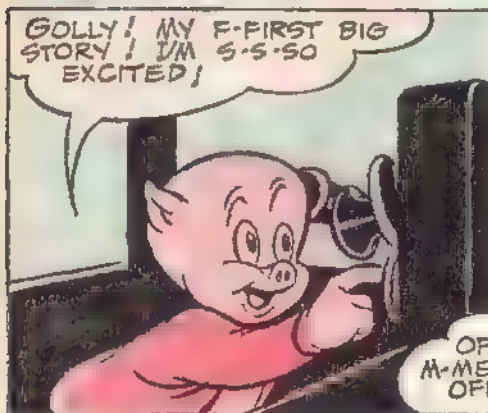


OH, B-BOY!
THIS REALLY
T-TURNED
OUT TO
BE A
S-SCOOP!

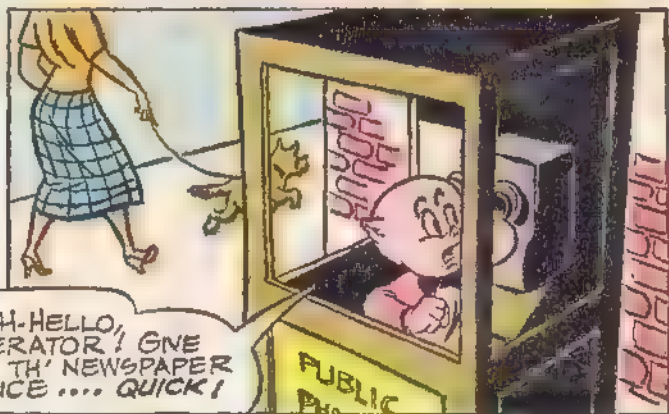


I'M S-SURE
ONE OF MY
OTHER R-R-
REPORTERS
IS BACK
BY N-NOW!

PUBLIC
PHONE

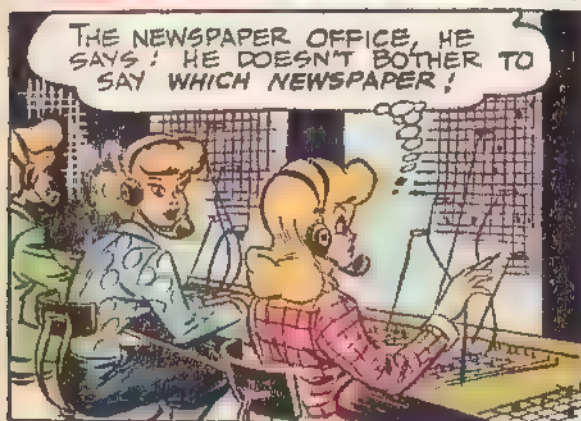


GOLLY! MY F-FIRST BIG
STORY! I'M S-S-SO
EXCITED!

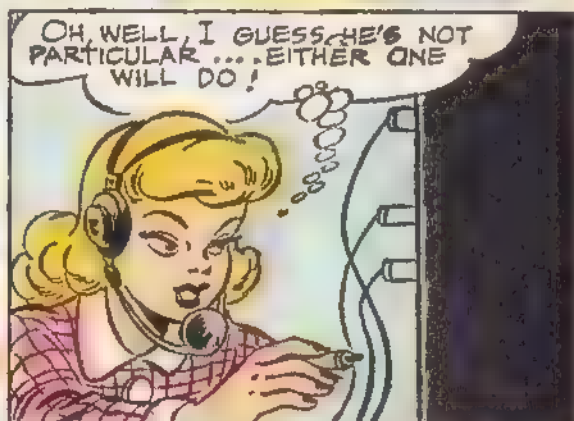


H-HELLO,
OPERATOR! GIVE
M-ME TH' NEWSPAPER
OFFICE ... QUICK!

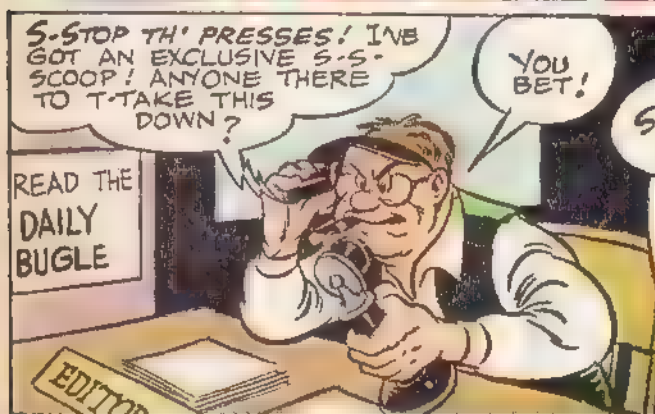
PUBLIC
PHONE



THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE, HE
SAYS! HE DOESN'T BOTHER TO
SAY WHICH NEWSPAPER!



OH, WELL, I GUESS HE'S NOT
PARTICULAR ... EITHER ONE
WILL DO!



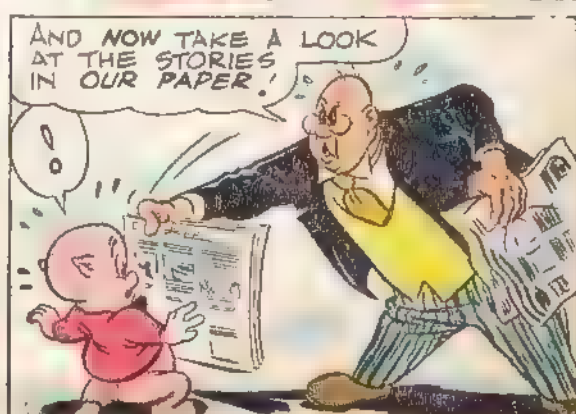
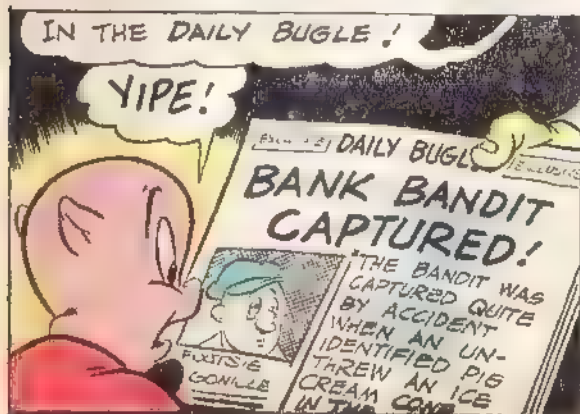
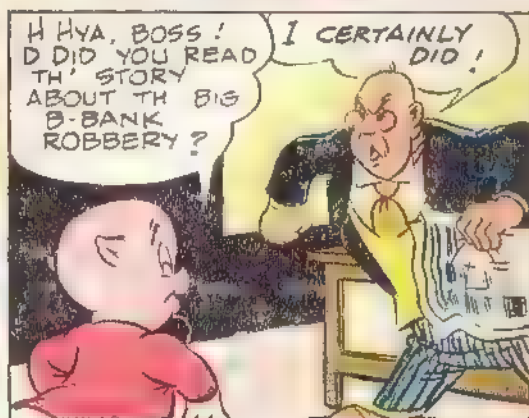
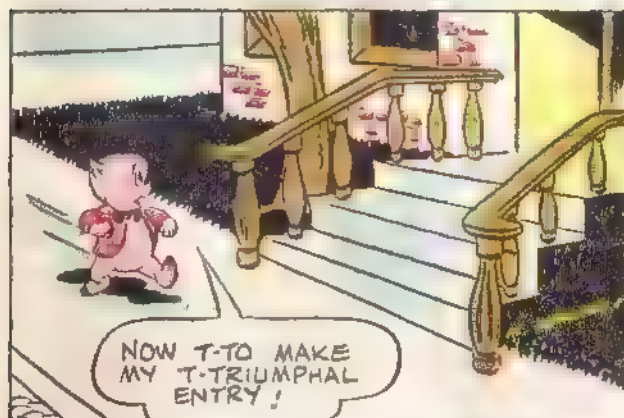
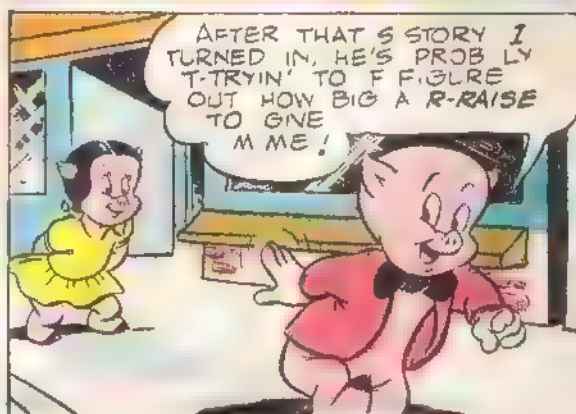
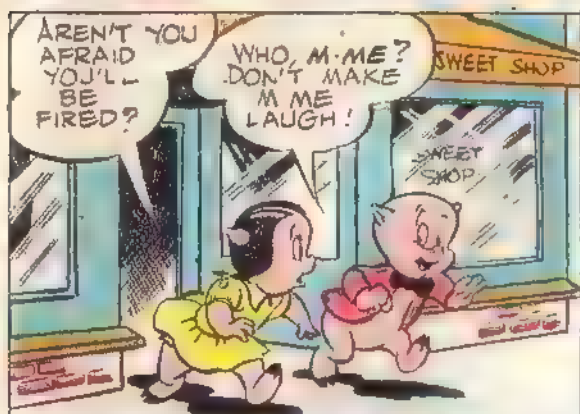
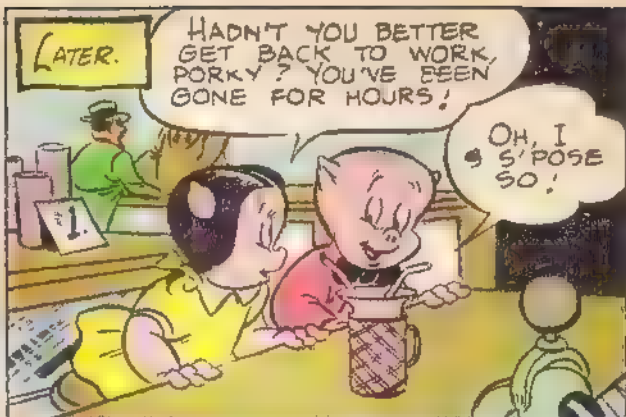
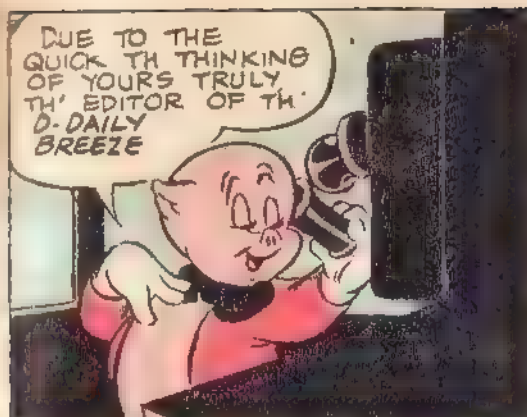
S-STOP TH' PRESSES! I'VE
GOT AN EXCLUSIVE S-S-
SCOOP! ANYONE THERE
TO T-TAKE THIS
DOWN?

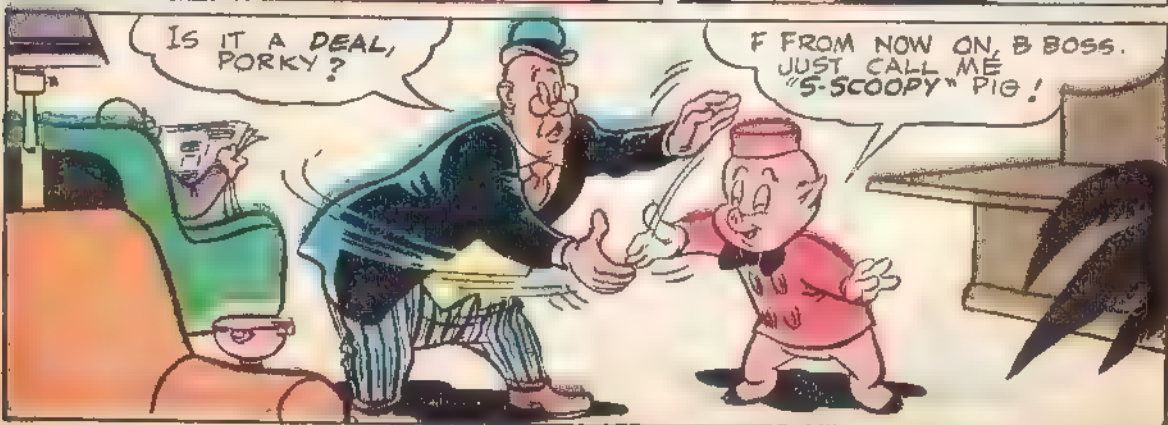
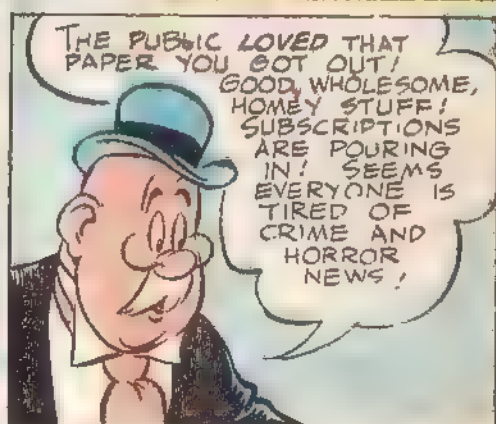
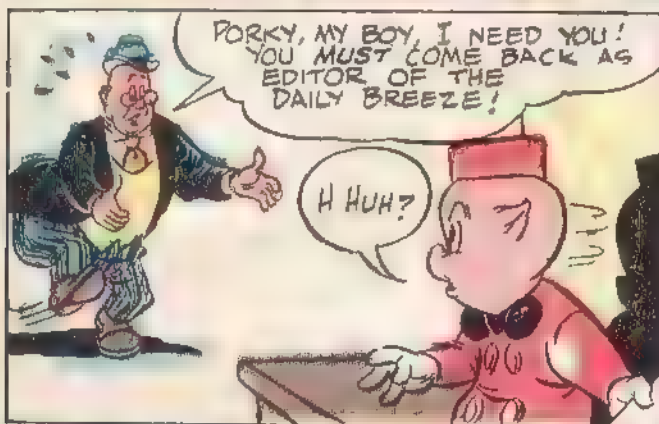
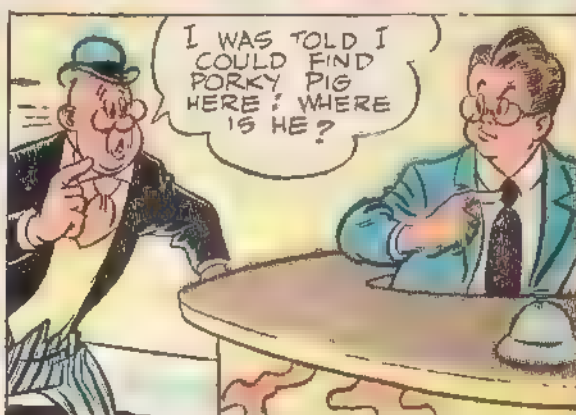
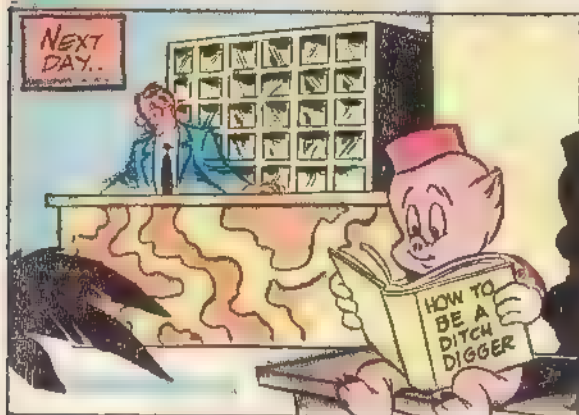
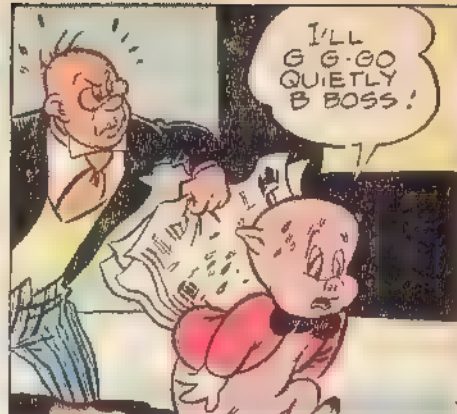
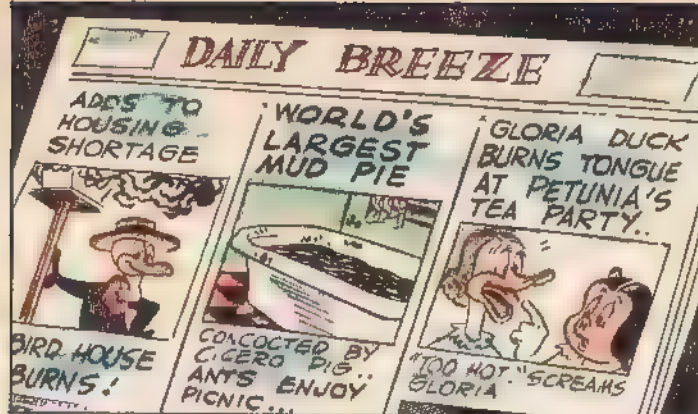
YOU
BET!

SHOOT!



H-H-HERE'S TH'
HEADLINE! "P-PORKY
CAPTURES
B-BANDIT!"





WARNER BROS.
CARTOONS, INC.

present

HENERY HAWK

THERE'S THAT DRATTED
ALARM CLOCK! SEEMS
LIKE I JUST GOT
TO BED!

R-R-RING!

I DON'T KNOW WHY ALARM
CLOCKS WERE EVER
INVENTED IN TH' FIRST
PLACE!

R-RING!

HEY,
'MOM! WHY
DONTCHA TURN
OFF TH'...

R-RING!

ZZ-ZZ!

WELL, WHATTA
YOU KNOW? IT
WASNT TH' ALARM
CLOCK!

CERTAINLY ISN'T TIME
TO GET UP! IT'S
THREE O'CLOCK IN
TH' MORNING AN'
STILL DARK!

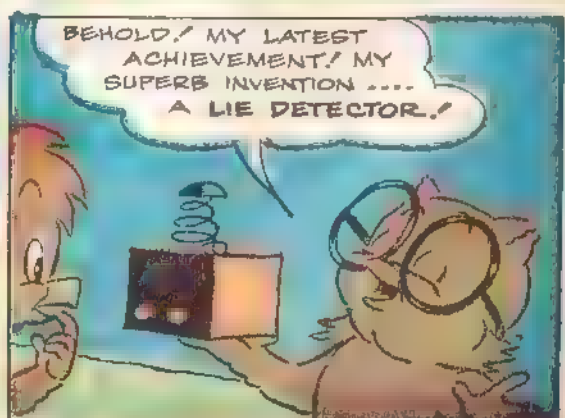
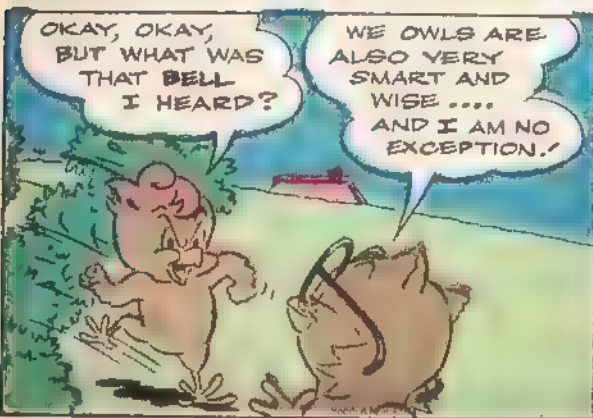
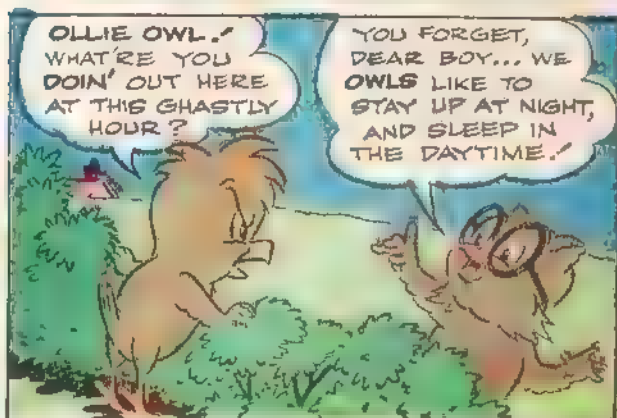
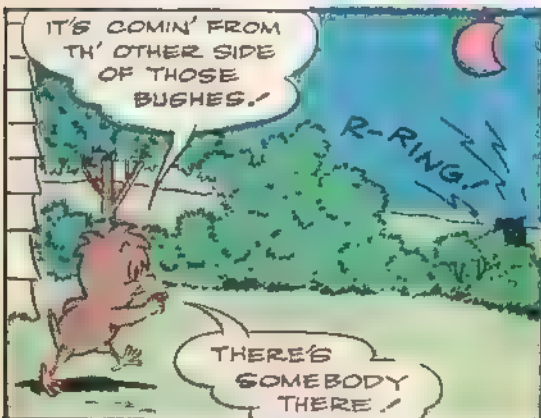
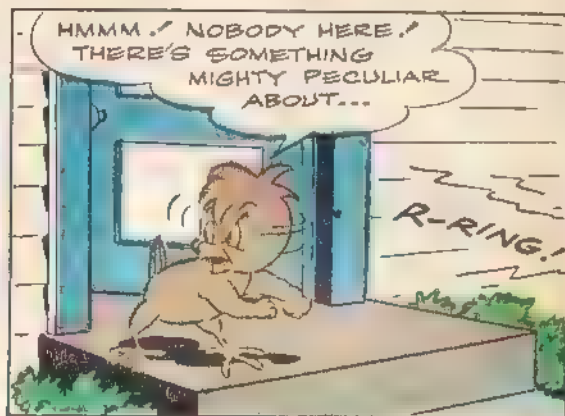
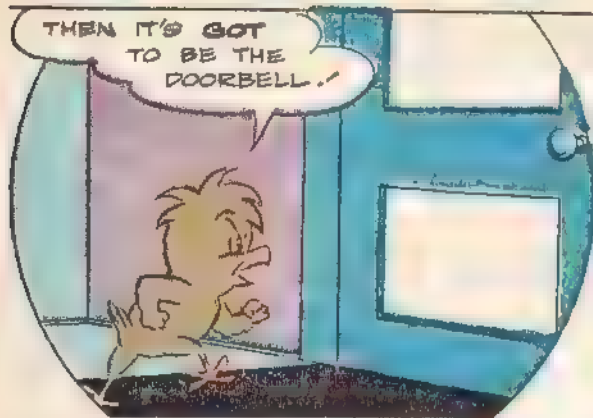
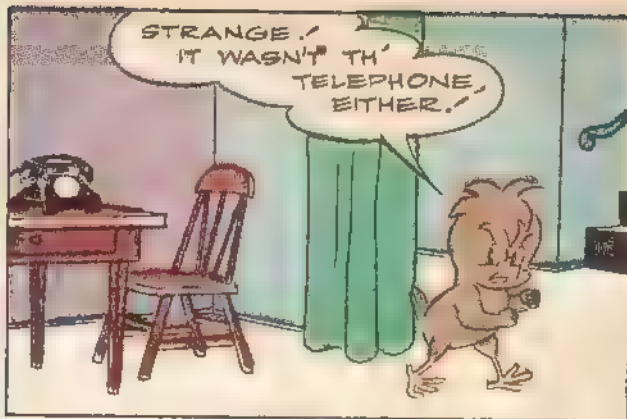
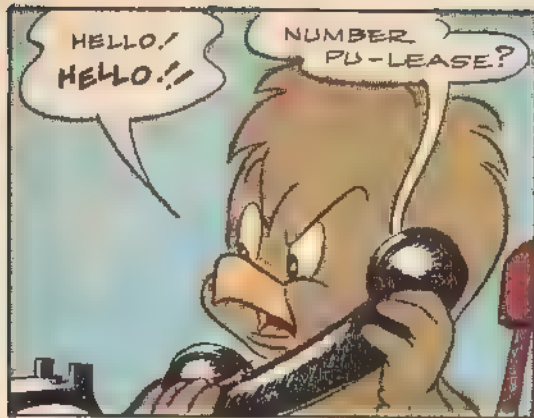
12 1 2 3
11 10

THERE IT GOES AGAIN!
MUST BE TH' TELEPHONE!

R-RING!

WONDER WHO'D BE CALLIN'
US AT THIS HOUR!

R-RING!



I HAVE BEEN TESTING IT
OUT ON WOODLAND CREATURES!
WHenever THE BELL RINGS,
IT MEANS A LIE HAS
BEEN TOLD!



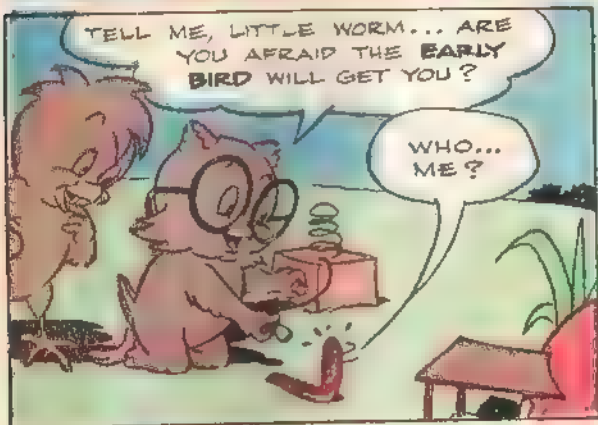
FOR INSTANCE, SEE THAT WORM
GOING TO HIS HOME IN THE
APPLE?



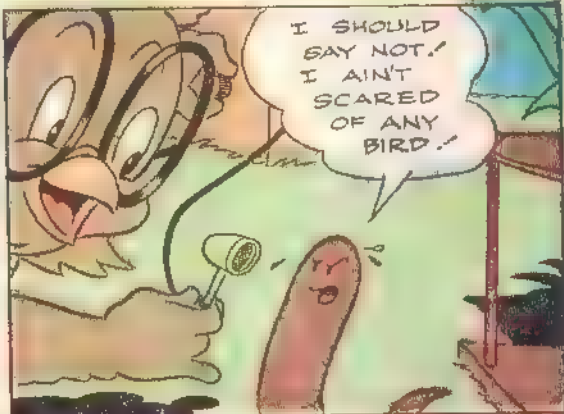
YEAH?

TELL ME, LITTLE WORM... ARE
YOU AFRAID THE EARLY
BIRD WILL GET YOU?

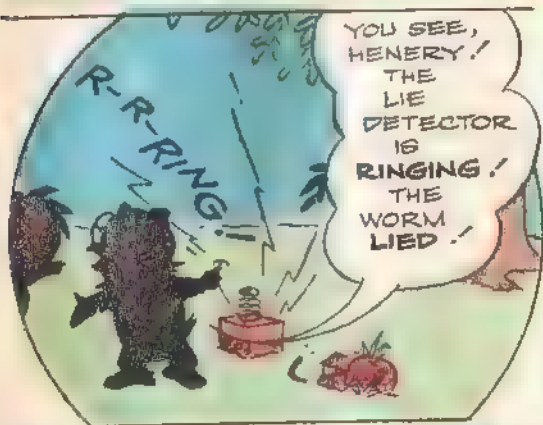
WHO...
ME?



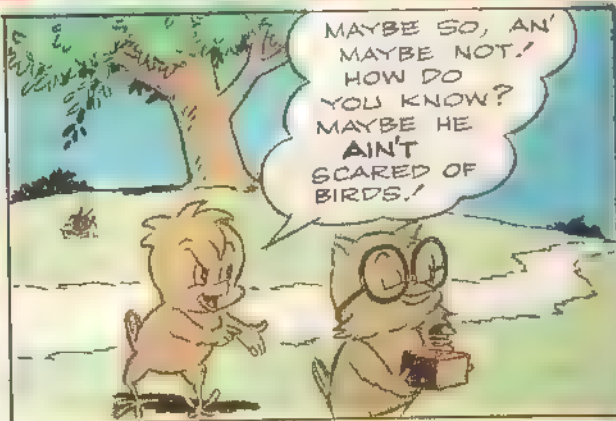
I SHOULD
SAY NOT!
I AIN'T
SCARED
OF ANY
BIRD!



YOU SEE,
HENERY!
THE
LIE
DETECTOR
IS
RINGING!
THE
WORM
LIED!

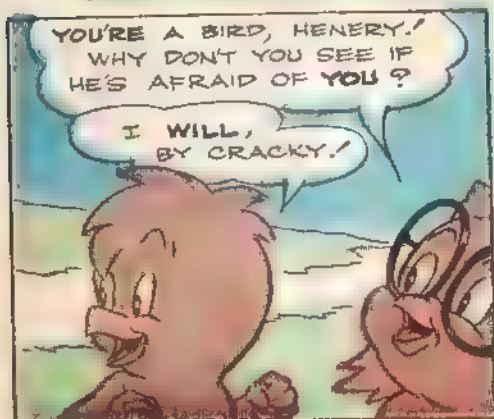


MAYBE SO, AN'
MAYBE NOT!
HOW DO
YOU KNOW?
MAYBE HE
AIN'T
SCARED OF
BIRDS!



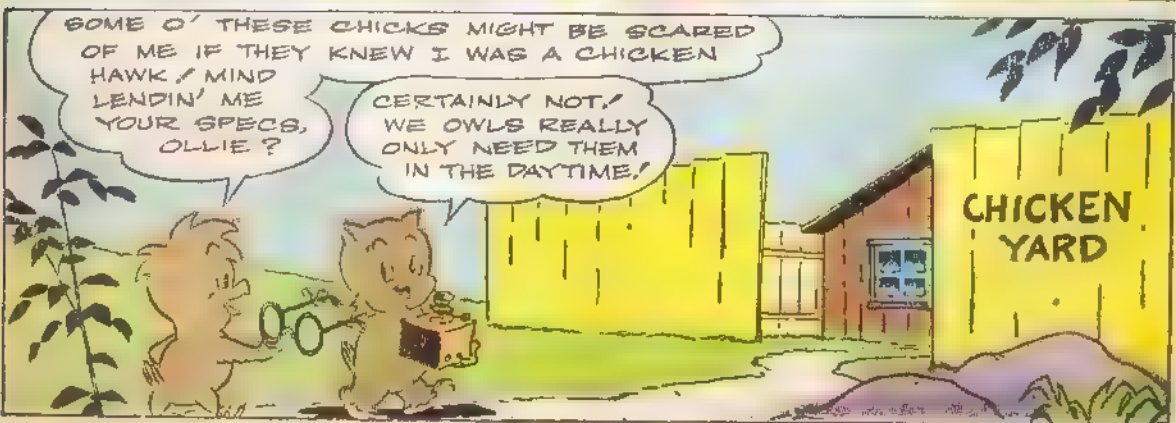
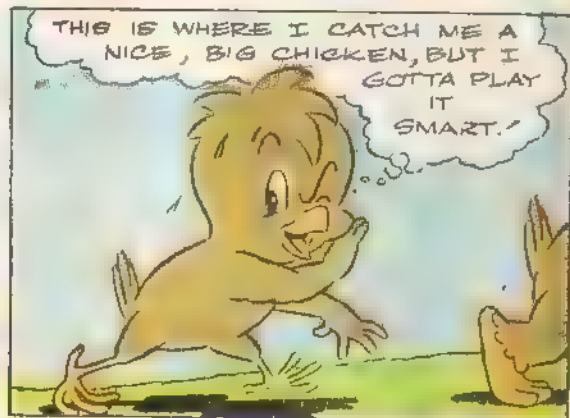
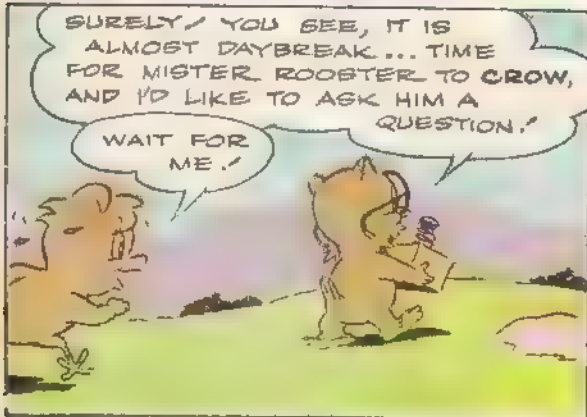
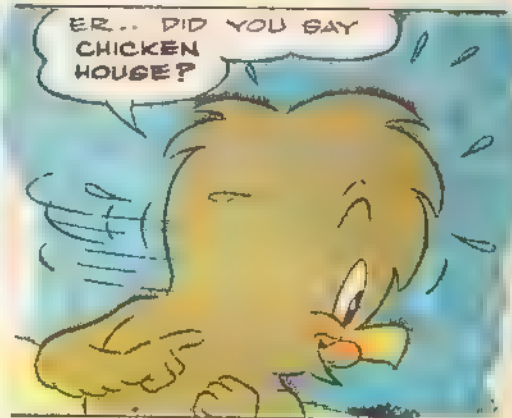
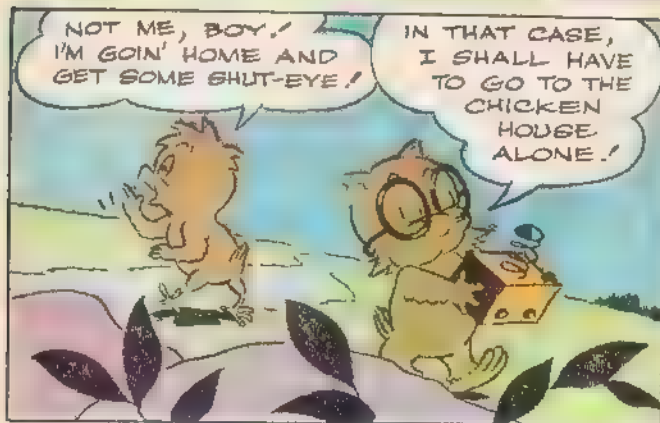
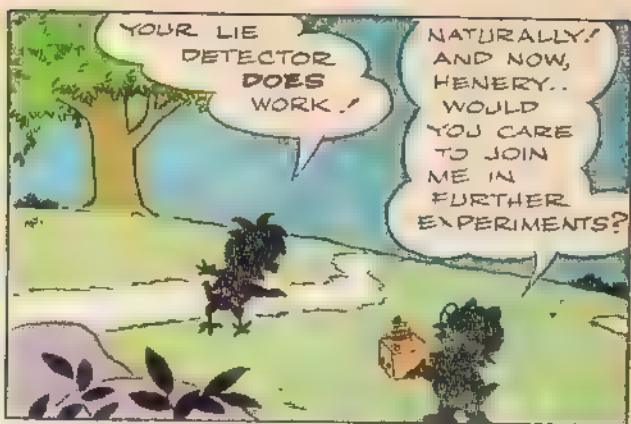
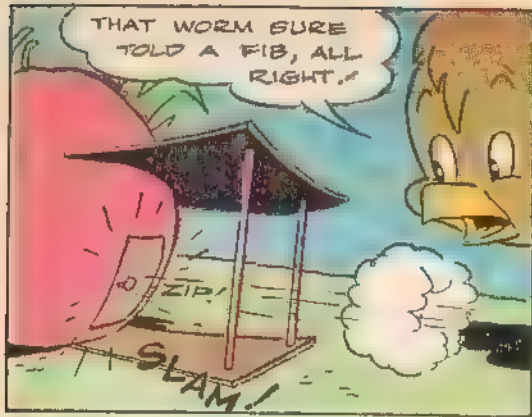
YOU'RE A BIRD, HENERY!
WHY DON'T YOU SEE IF
HE'S AFRAID OF YOU?

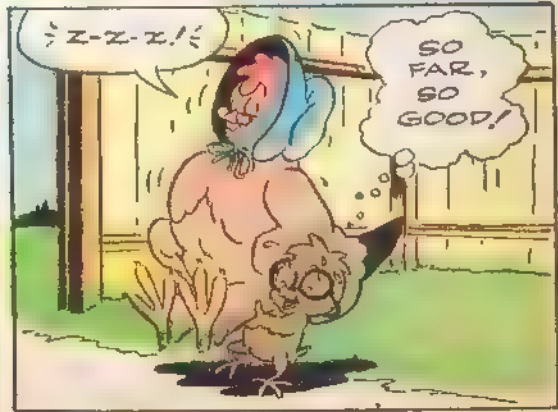
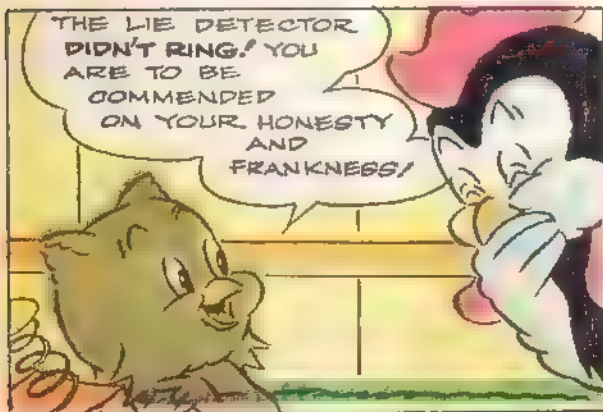
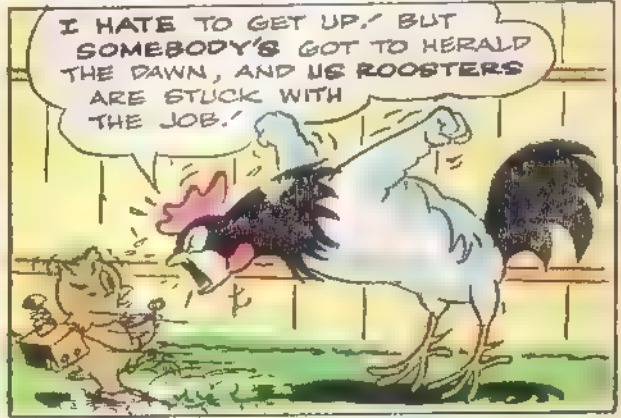
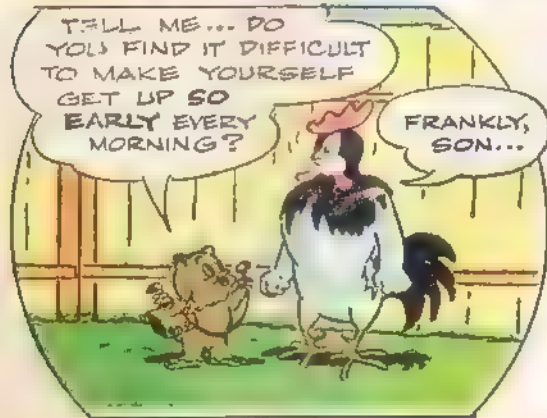
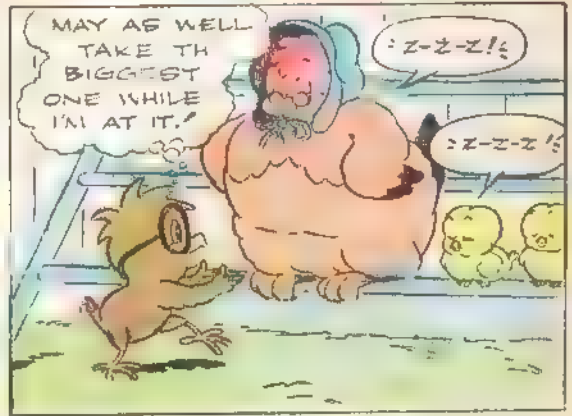
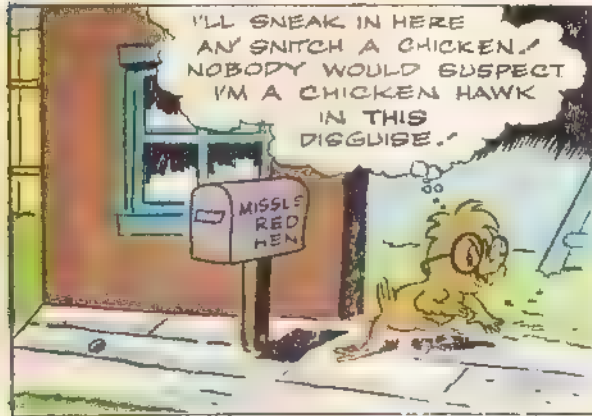
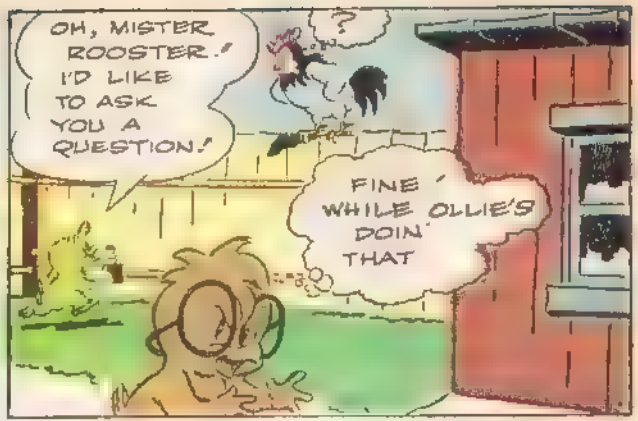
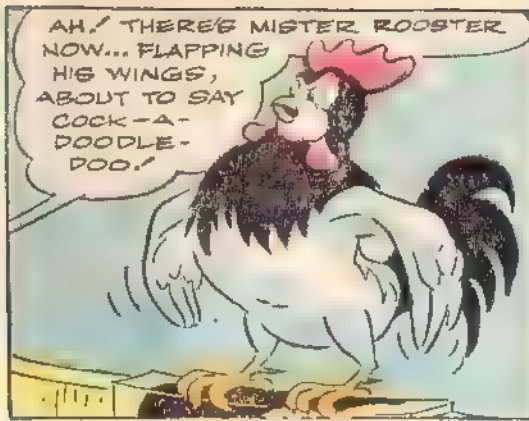
I WILL,
BY CRACKY!

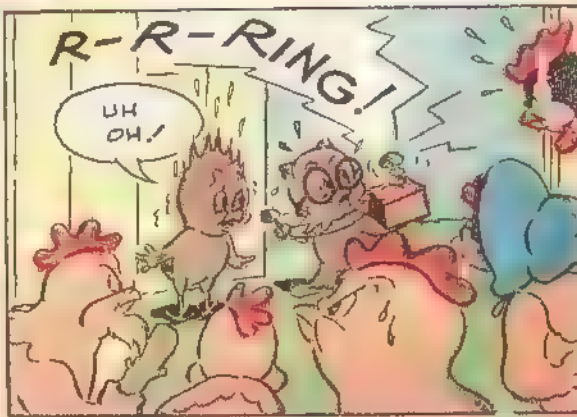
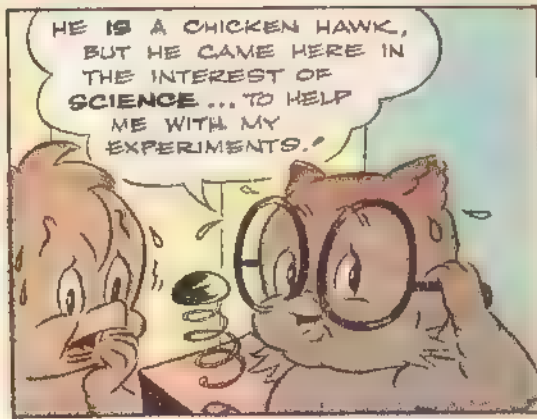
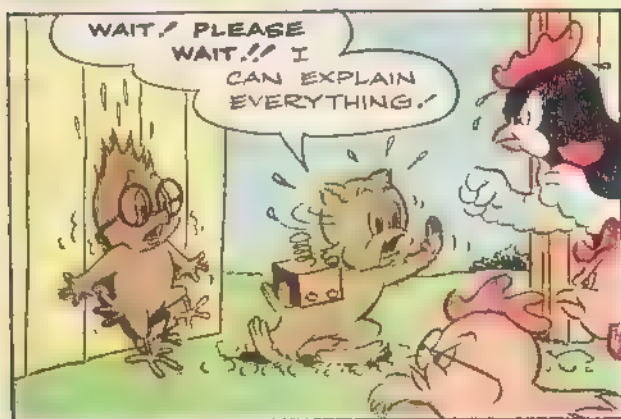
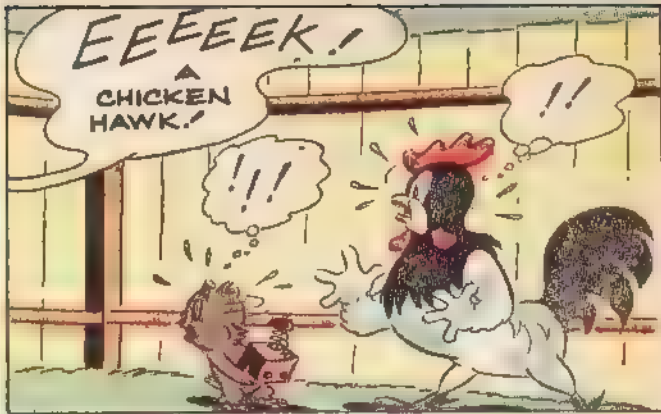
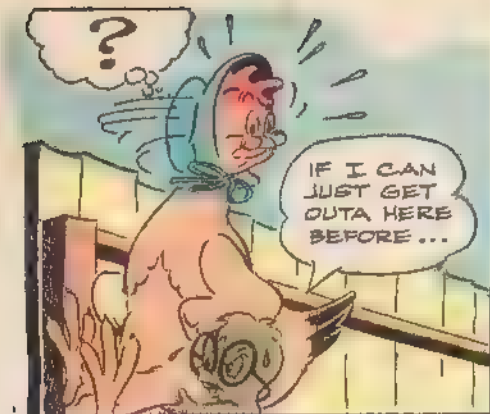


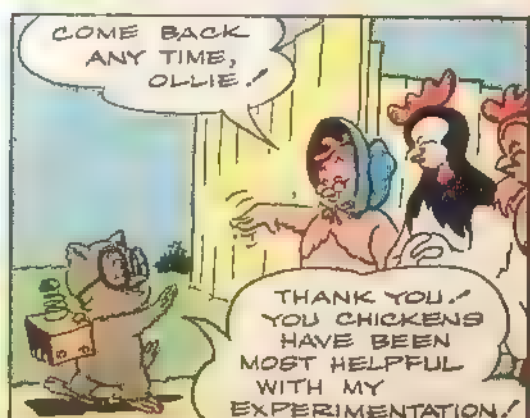
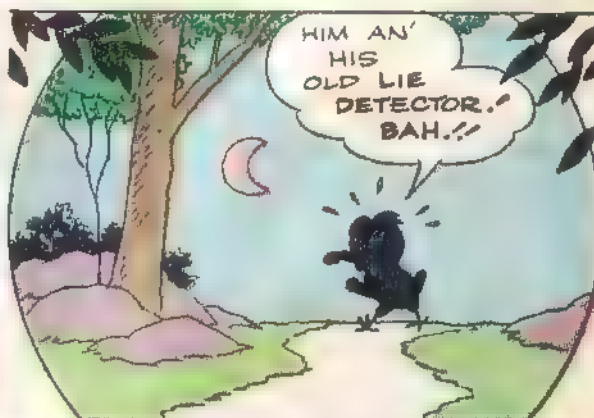
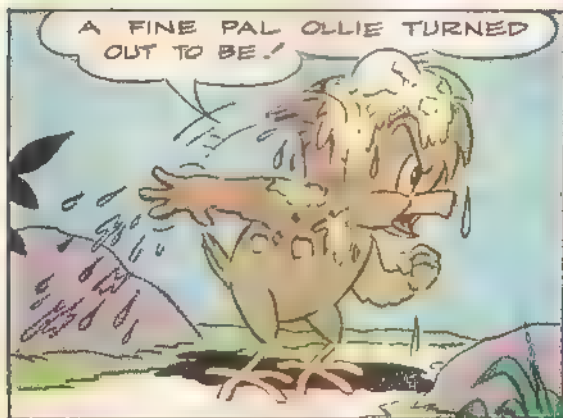
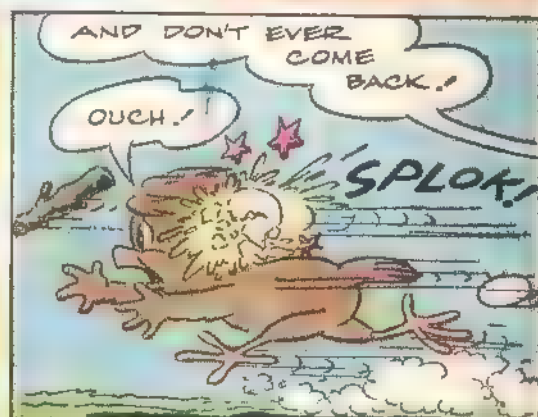
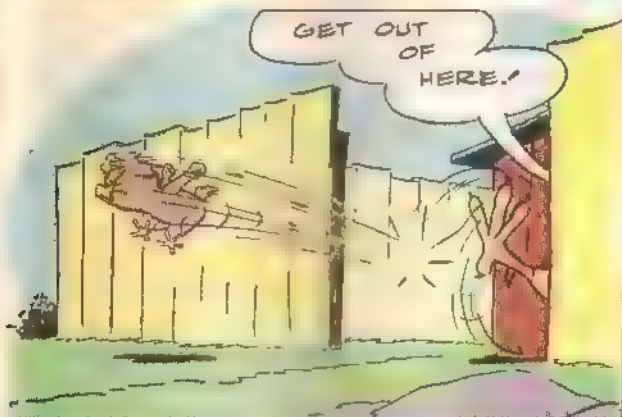
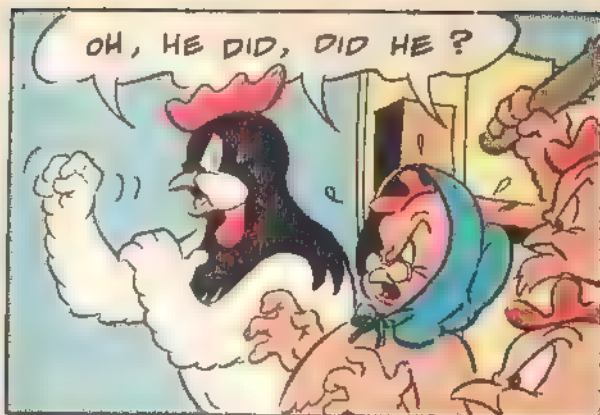
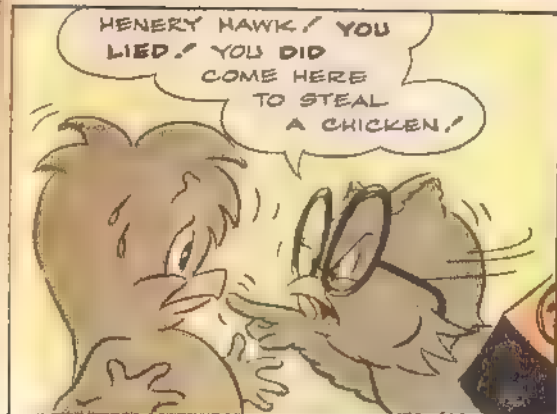
BOOOOOO! I'M AN AWFUL, OLD,
CHICKEN-HAWK BIRD, AN' I'VE
COME TO EAT YOU UP!

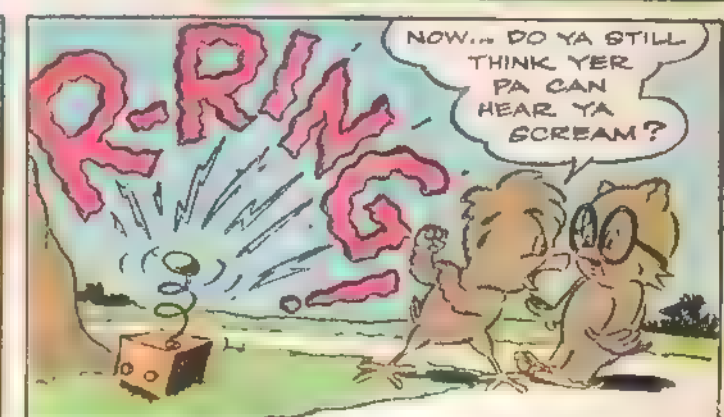
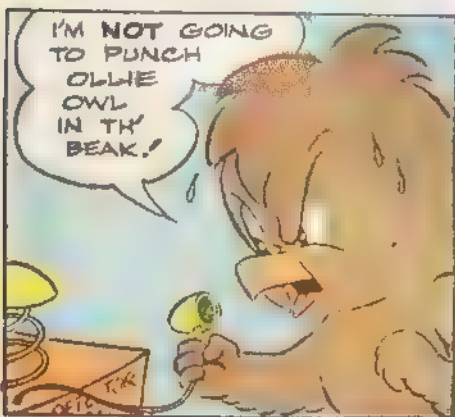
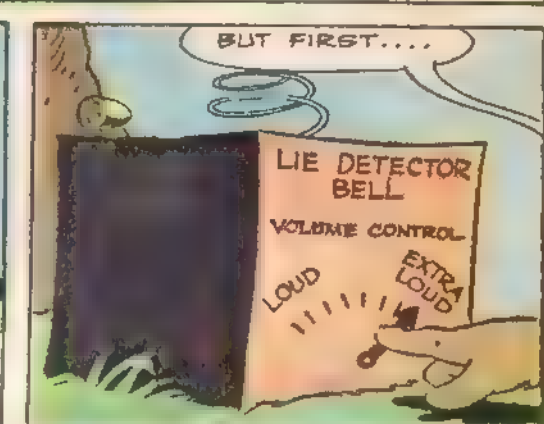
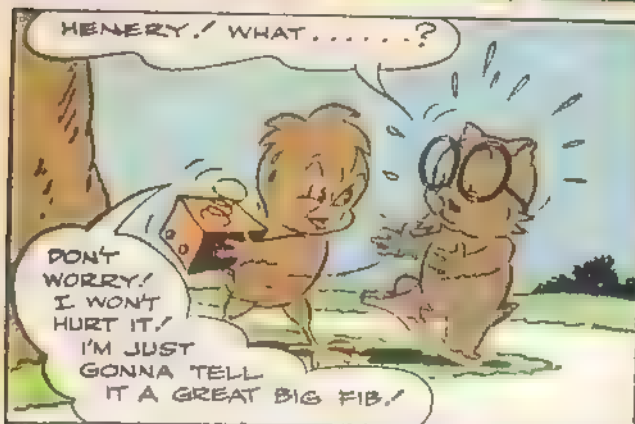
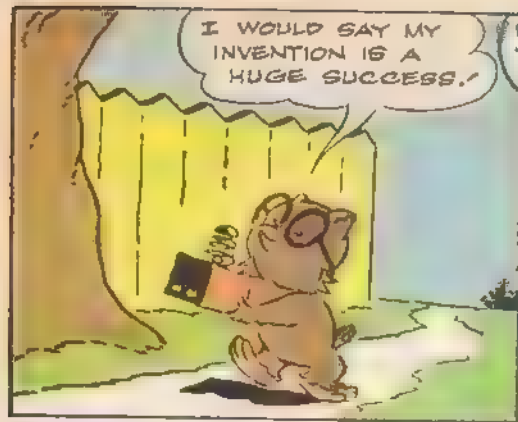












STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 of Looney Tunes and Merrie Melodies Comics published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1948, State of New York, County of New York, is

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the Looney Tunes and Merrie Melodies Comics and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly, or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 (Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations) printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New

York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, if given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of September, 1948

JEANNETTE SMITH (GREEN)

(Seal)

(My Commission Expires March 30, 1950)

WARNER BROS.
CARTOONS, INC.

PRESENT

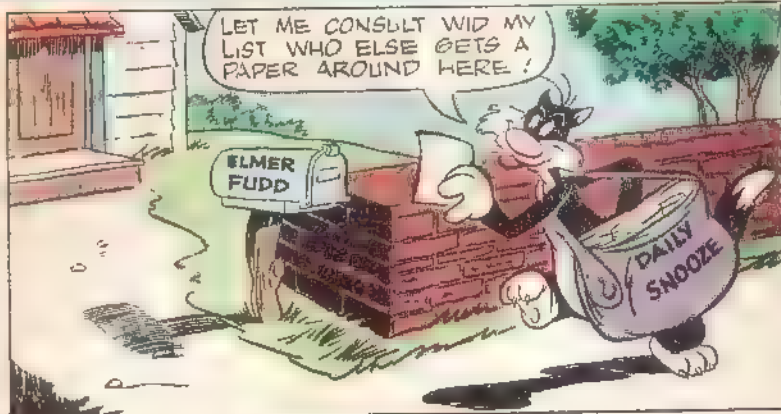
ELMER FUDD

GUESS I'LL GO SEE IF
MY PAPER HAS BEEN
DELIVERED
YET!

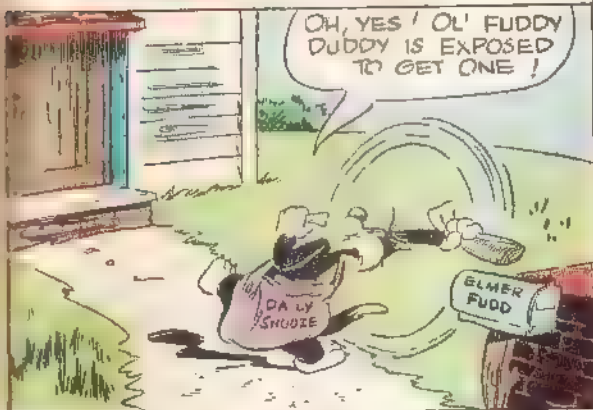
I AM VEWY ANXIOUS TO
SEE IF THERE ARE ANY
GOOD JOBS ADVERT SED
IN THE WANT-AD
SECTION!



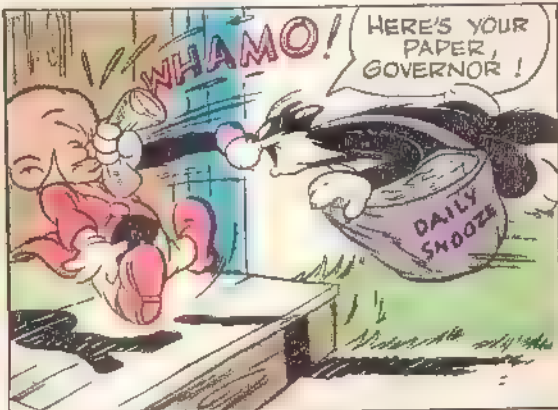
LET ME CONSULT WID MY
LIST WHO ELSE GETS A
PAPER AROUND HERE!



OH, YES! OL' FUDDY
DUDDY IS EXPOSED
TO GET ONE!

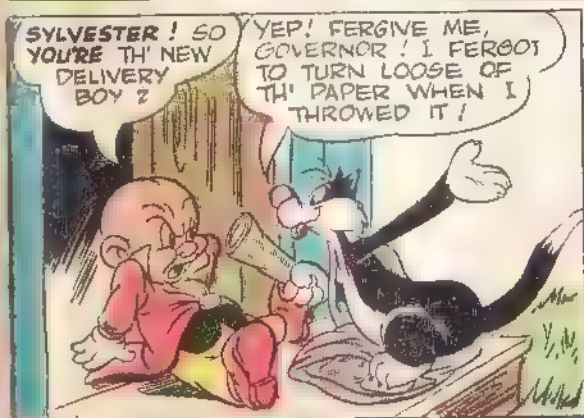


WHAMO! HERE'S YOUR
PAPER,
GOVERNOR!

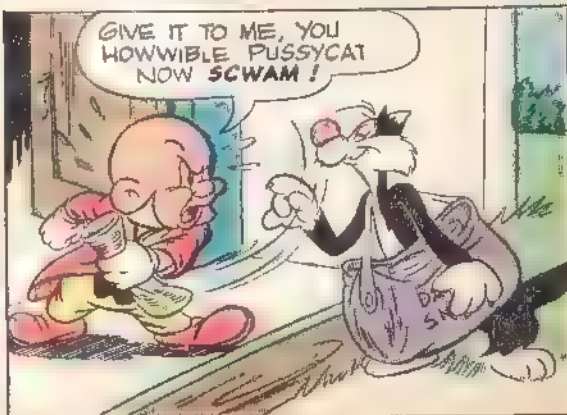


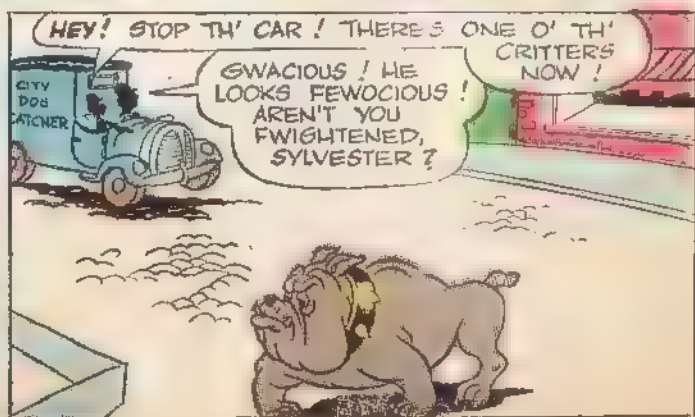
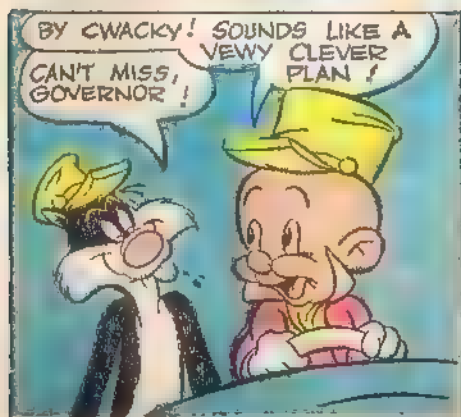
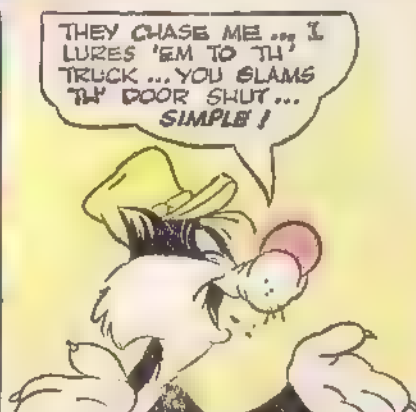
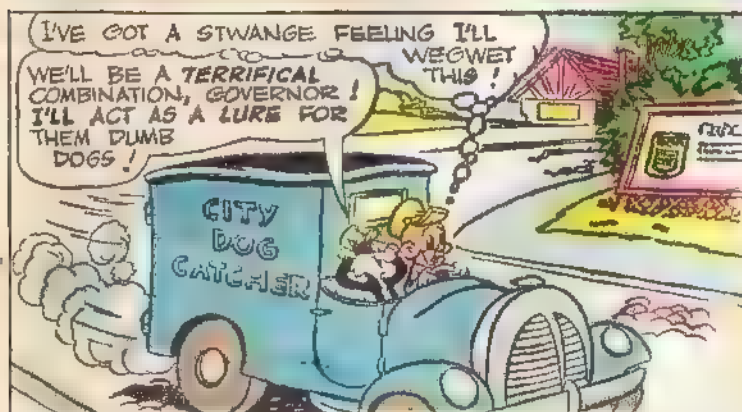
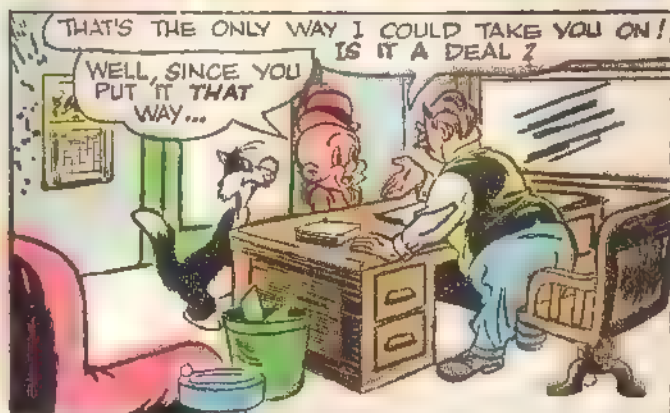
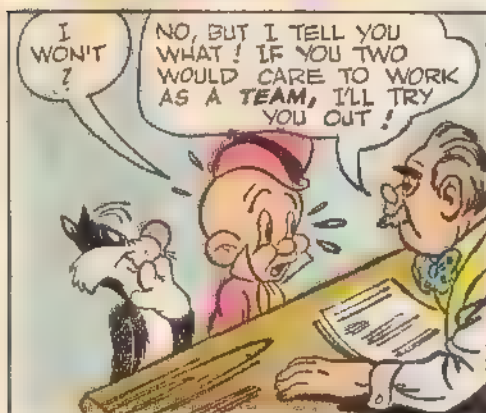
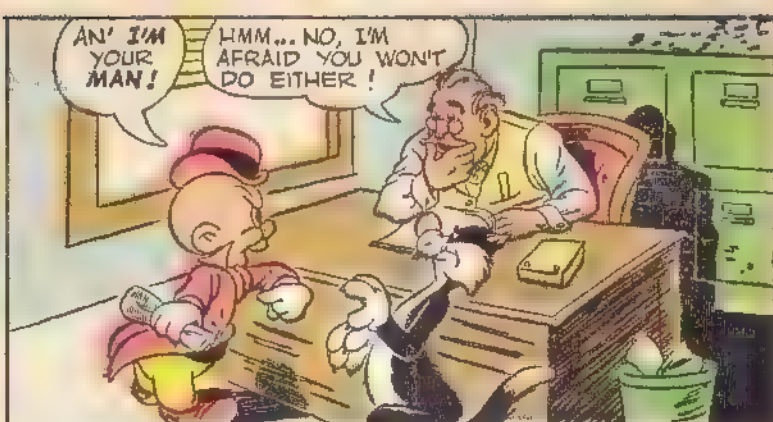
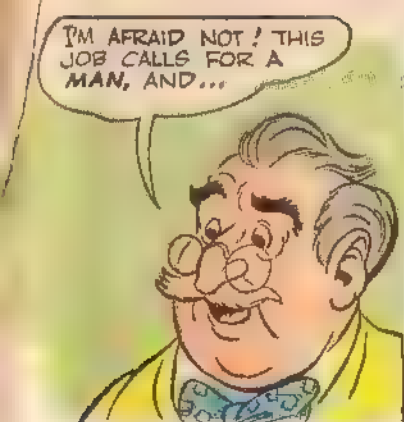
SYLVESTER! SO
YOU'RE TH' NEW
DELIVERY
BOY?

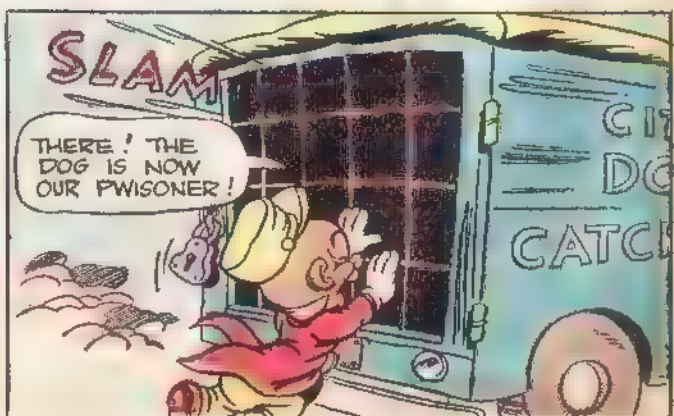
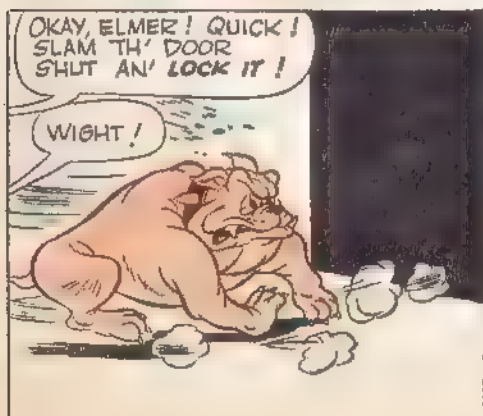
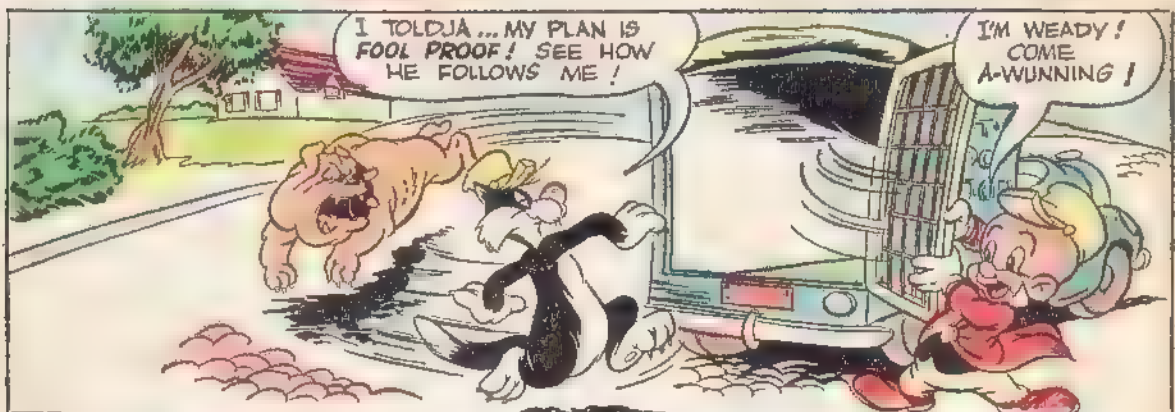
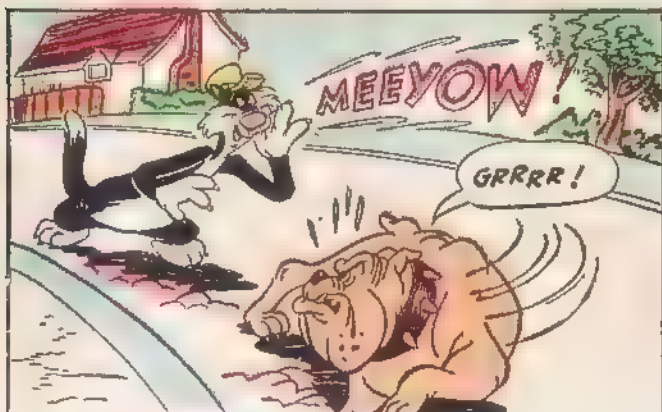
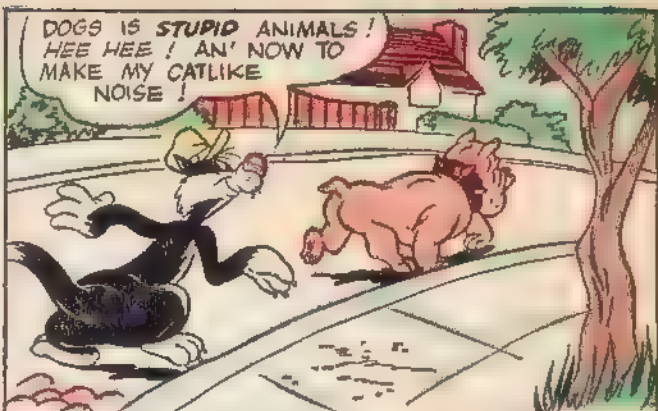
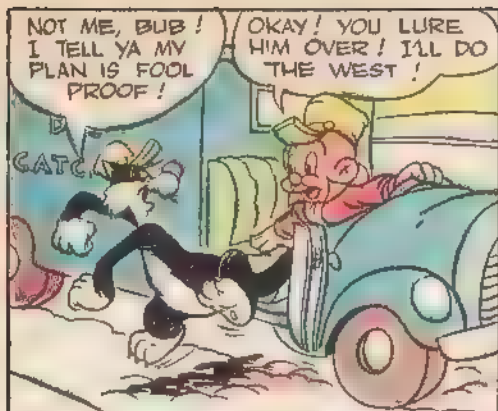
YEP! FERGIVE ME,
GOVERNOR! I FERGOT
TO TURN LOOSE OF
TH' PAPER WHEN I
THROWED IT!

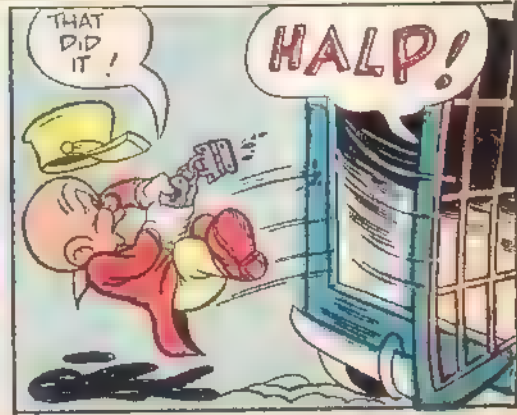
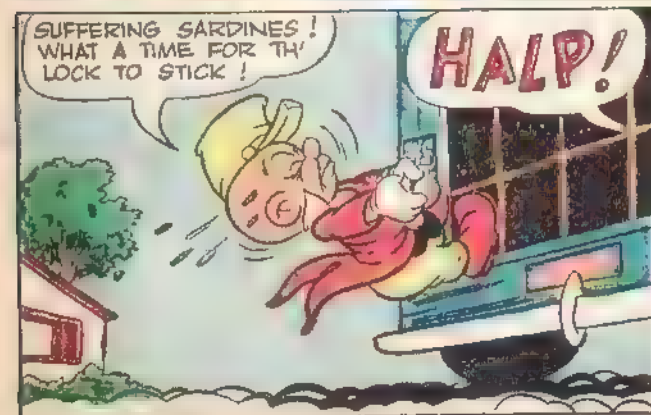
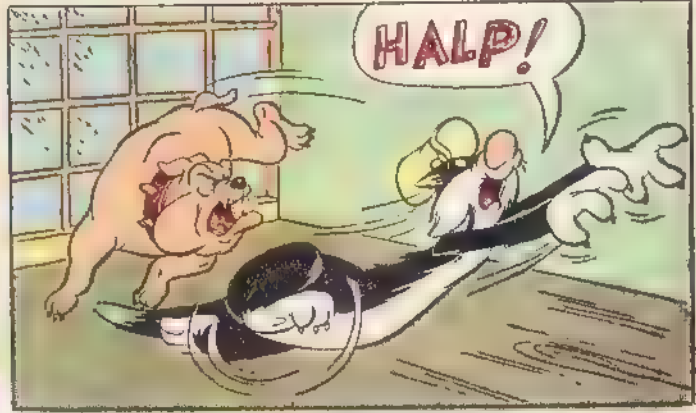
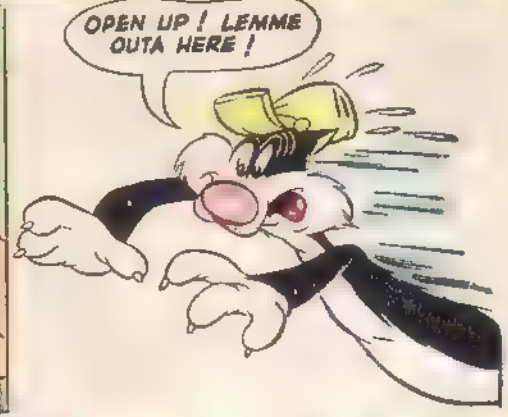
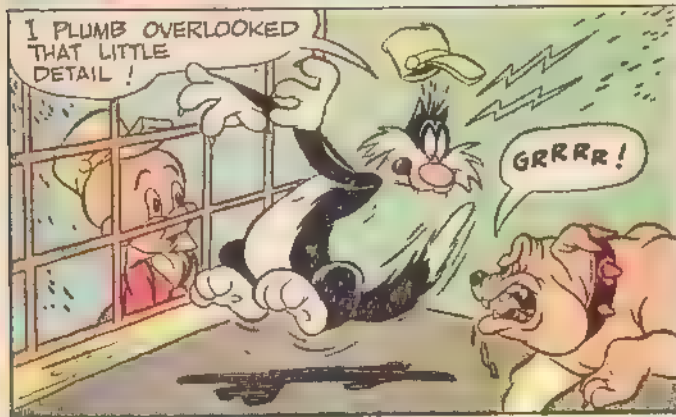
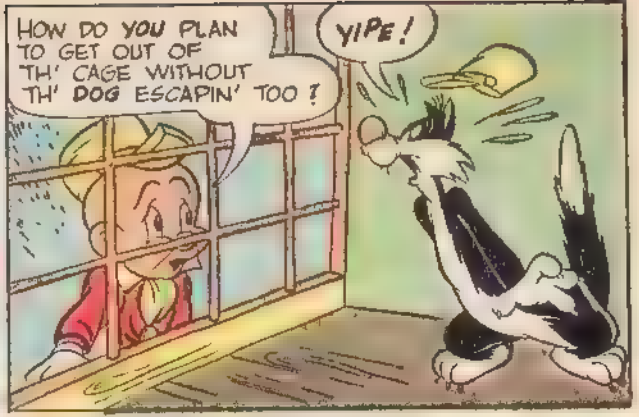
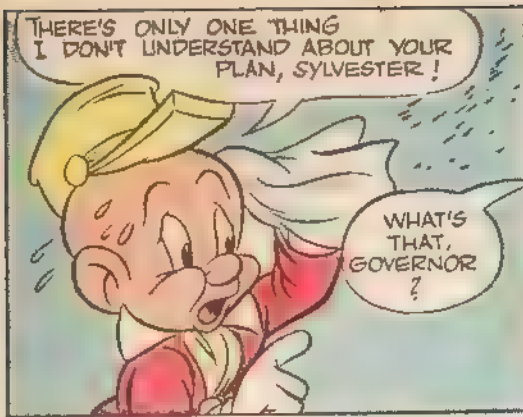


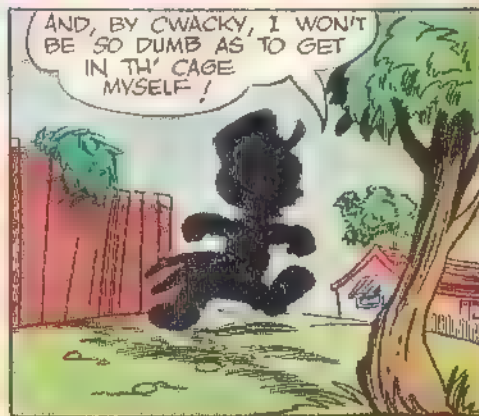
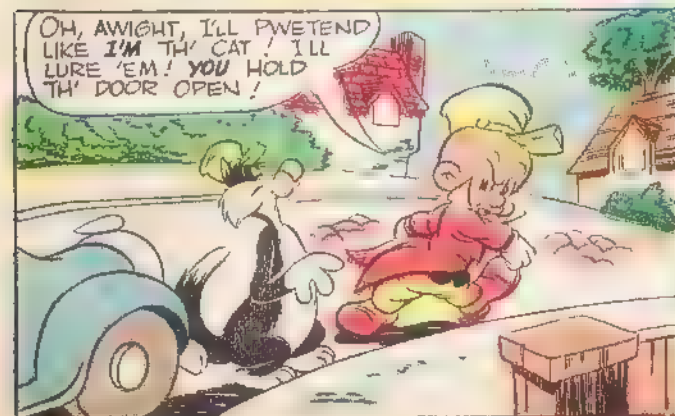
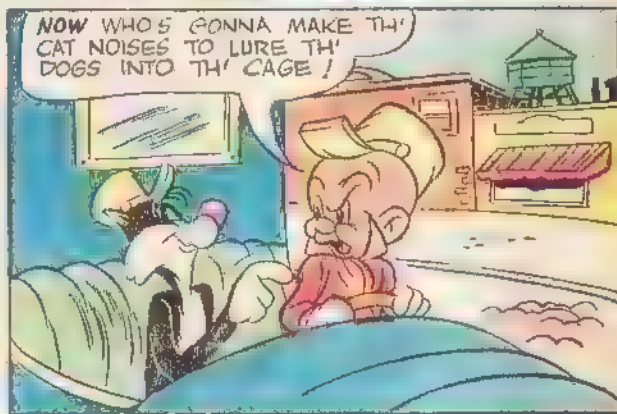
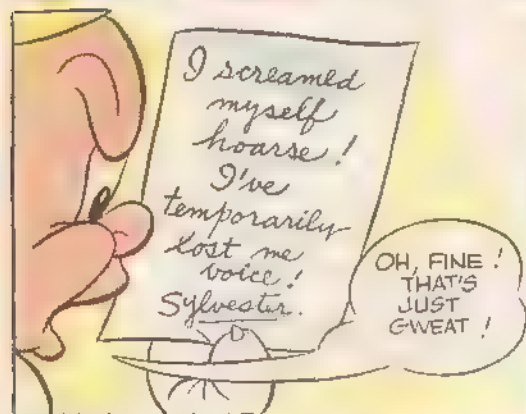
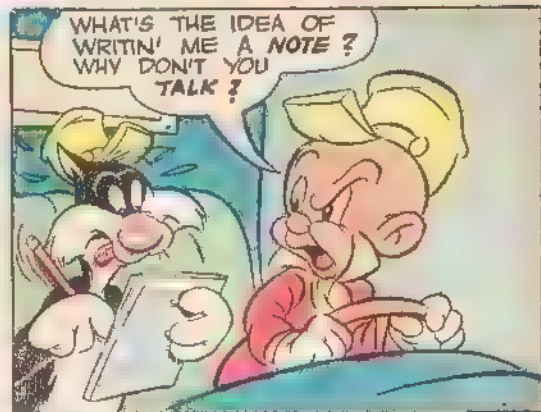
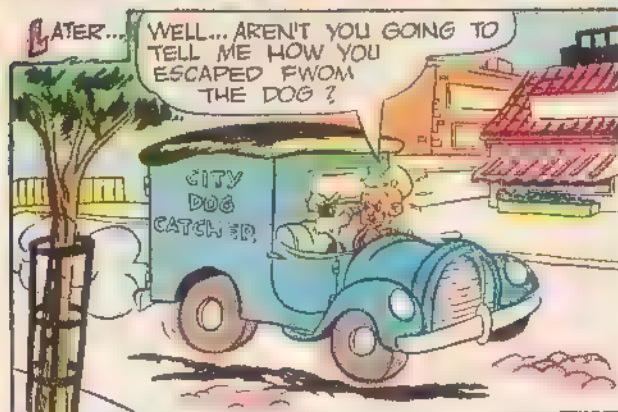
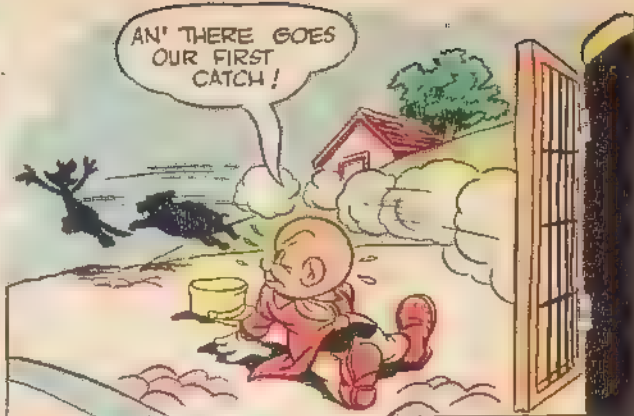
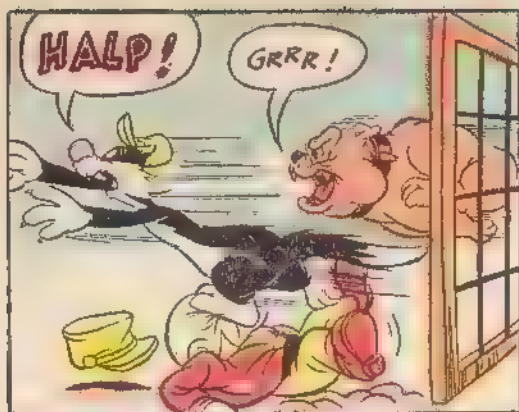
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NOW SCWAM!

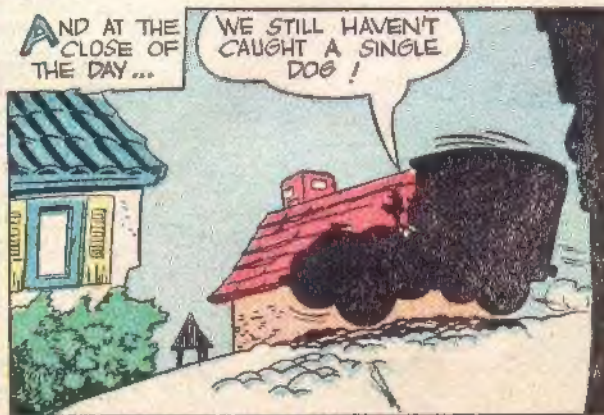
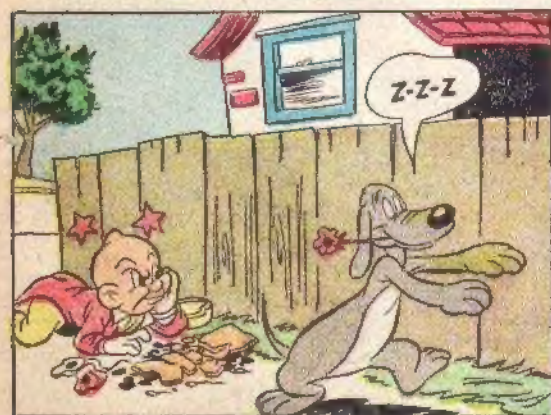
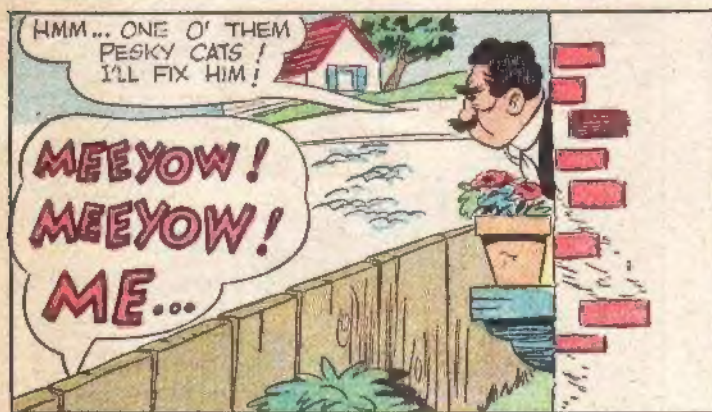
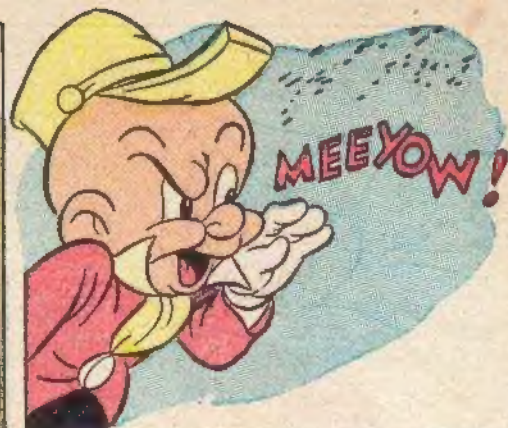


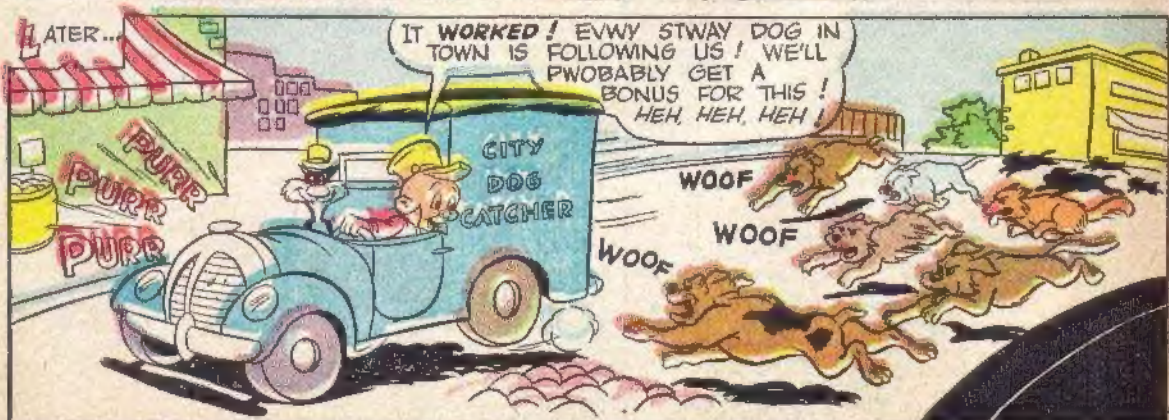
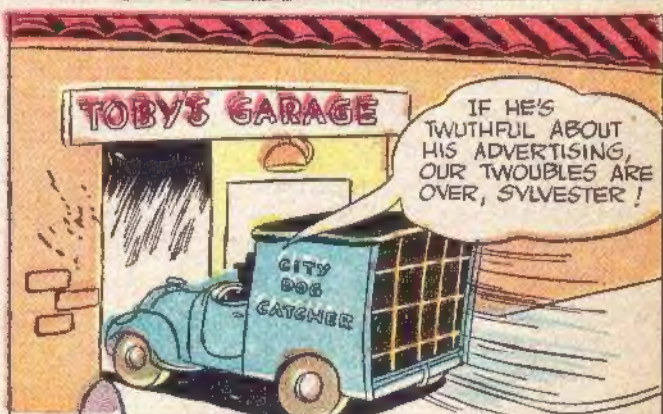
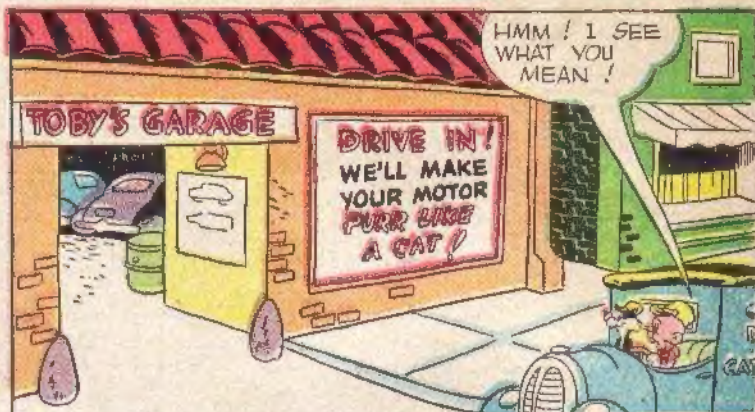












CICERO'S DECEPTION

(Continued from inside front cover)

its contents. "Cicero's best clothes! What c-can that kid be up t-to now? I'd better find P-Petunia. Maybe SHE'LL know."

Petunia immediately guessed what Cicero had in mind. "The little fraud!" she sputtered. "He's planning to discard that costume on the way to the party and put on these clothes. I'm going up and—"

"Wait," interrupted Porky. "I've g-got an idea. Let's make him t-tickled pink to wear that costume."

Quickly Porky outlined his plan. And Petunia laughingly agreed to it.

Cicero was giggling when, two hours, later, he picked his pillowcase out of the snowbank and hurried down the street to the high hedge surrounding Mr. Bernard's house. The hedge would make a swell screen for his "quick-change" act. Slipping out of the detested costume, he tossed it aside. Then he opened the pillowcase — and turned pale as he saw the neatly folded blanket inside of it.

"Golly Ned!" he gasped. "What happened to my suit?"

At that moment, he heard footsteps on the sidewalk beyond the hedge. He also heard Petunia's voice. "Hurry up, Porky," she was saying. "I promised Jenny's mother I'd help her make the sandwiches, and I'm late."

"Let's take a short cut through B-Bernard's place," replied Porky. "There's an opening in the h-hedge."

Cicero gulped. He was trapped.

There wasn't time to put the costume back on. Panicked, he snatched up the blanket, wrapped it around him and raced across Mr. Bernard's lawn.

Before he knew it, he was in Jenny's yard. On the porch ahead were a dozen boys and girls in fancy dress costumes. Looking back Cicero could see Porky and Petunia coming. He was trapped. Cicero took a deep breath. He might as well face the music. So he turned and went to meet them.

"Cicero Pig!" said Petunia sternly. "What is the meaning of THAT?" She pointed to the blanket.

Stammeringly, Cicero confessed, finishing with: "I s'pose you'll send me back home now—and I don't blame you—but, honest, I'm awful sorry." Two big tears trickled down his cheeks.

To his amazement, Petunia smiled. "I forgive you, Cicero. I'm sure you learned a good lesson. You see, Porky and I knew all about your little scheme. WE put that blanket in the pillowcase. You'll find your Lord Fauntleroy costume back of the garage — IF you don't mind wearing it now."

"I don't! I don't!" Cicero gave Petunia a violent hug. "Oh, Petunia, I'm so ashamed. I'll do the dishes for you all the rest of Christmas vacation!"

Petunia giggled. "I'll hold you to that, Cicero."

And she did. But Cicero did not mind. Petunia was such a swell cousin! Hadn't his Lord Fauntleroy costume won first prize at Jenny's Christmas party—because it was so original and different?

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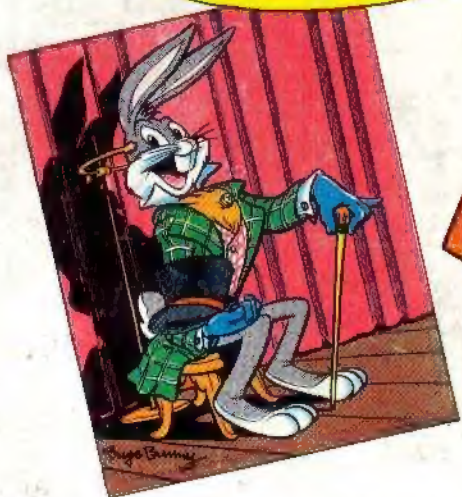


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